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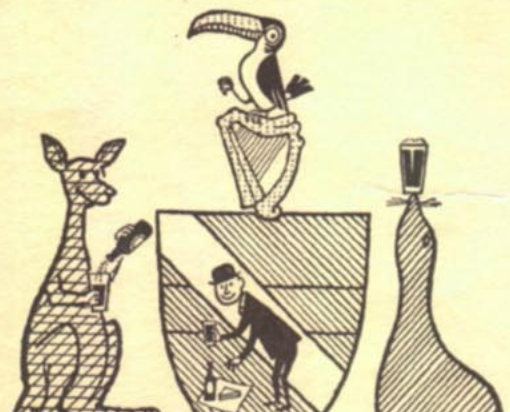

ACHIEVEMENT: Guinness Goodness. Field vert with adjacent bar and a proper man regardant with Guinness glass charged. (No ordinary drink.) His bend is not sinister, his chief point being not to powder a goutte on his escutcheon. Above the shield is set a harp or with toucan rampant per fess sable and argent, beak or and gules.

On a compartment below the shield with the motto *Guinness prodest – prosit!* are set for supporters, on the dexter, a kangaroo *tenne* with Guinness jessant from his bottle with label, and on the sinister a sealion purpure bearing above all a Guinness triumphant.

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Joseph Alsop

The New Balance of Power

War and Peace in a Strange World

TWO great questions of policy and strategy now squarely confront the nations of the West. The first one is: how far can we rely on the old ideas and assumptions on which Western action has been based since the beginning of the cold war? This question has been raised by the great changes in the world strategic balance in recent years. The second question is: can we not somehow terminate the cold war? This question has been raised by the changes inside the Soviet system in the years since the death of Stalin.

This article is entirely addressed to the first question, for the rather simple reason that I can see only one item of solid evidence that the second question, now so much debated, has any reality or immediacy. The Soviets have one motive—and one motive only, so far as I know—to seek a serious détente at this time. They are now entering the period when the year-classes of new recruits for industry, agriculture, and the military services show the terrible effects of the last war. It seems to me just possible that this very grave demographic problem may have led the Kremlin to play with the idea of suspending cold war hostilities, at any rate for a while. But if one looks at such signs as Russia's strident, continuous insistence that all future East-West negotiations must be "based upon acceptance of the status quo" in Eastern Europe, one must conclude, I think, that the arrangements she desires (if any are indeed desired) would begin with a power-political division of the world that would be both highly precarious and morally unacceptable. (It would be likely, for instance, to include a surrender of West Berlin, which is a standing challenge to the status quo in the Soviet zone of Germany.) I think further that the Kremlin only intends to make this division of the world (if the intention indeed exists) in bilateral negotiations with the other giant power, the United States. As matters stand, the other Western allies would hardly tolerate such a transaction.

Hence, it seems probable that any future conference at the summit will produce no better results than the last one, which turned out to be so ill-fated. In this respect, one point is decisive. With all their pious talk about a summit meeting, the Soviet leaders are still prosecuting the cold war with great vigour, intensity, and astuteness in every corner of the world where Western interests can be damaged by Soviet action. And the West is in fact being damaged so badly that my private symbol of our situation is a haunting memory of the grin coming and going on the broad, expressive, peasant face of Nikita S. Khrushchev, when he received me for a long interview in Moscow in February a year ago. The Khrushchev grin was at once self-congratulating and false-jolly—such a grin as a shrewd, hard peasant might wear when he knew he was bringing his pigs to slaughter in the best possible market.

Khrushchev grinned when he predicted a catastrophic Western defeat in the Middle

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East. He grinned again when he foretold the future dissolution of the Atlantic alliance. Most triumphantly of all, he grinned when he intimated that the U.S.S.R. was decisively passing the U.S. in the terrible technical-military contest of modern weapons development. In sum, while he also talked about his eager desire to end the cold war, Khrushchev cheerily forecast developments that would give the Soviets a total cold war victory. Furthermore, he spoke in a way ("I don't think America's allies will want U.S. bases on their soil when they realise such bases are nothing but invitations to H-bombs") that forced me to conclude that his forecast of victory in the cold war was closely linked, in Khrushchev's own mind, to his expectation of success in the contest of weapons development.

Since then, this expectation of Khrushchev's has been only too plainly confirmed by the sputniks. I would not laugh off his other forecasts either. After much on-the-spot reporting in both areas, I can easily see why Khrushchev also expects the destruction of all the vital Western interests in the Middle East, and the eventual break-up of the Atlantic alliance in Western Europe.

OUR peril, nowadays, is many-sided. Yet this multiple peril primarily arises from a single, central failure. In the last five years, by sheer, silly self-indulgence, the United States has allowed its former great superiority in nuclear striking power to be lost to the Soviet Union. This tragic loss of the American lead, belatedly brought home by the sputniks, has angered, alarmed, and confused the American people. When Allen W. Dulles was at last permitted to tell the Congressional leaders the truth about the Soviets' new strength, it is said that Senator Harry F. Byrd asked only one question: "When will they hit us?" This, however, is almost certainly the wrong question. There is no doubt that the prime cause of our peril is the growth of Soviet nuclear striking power. But unless we are as great fools in the years to come as we have been in the last five years, the U.S.S.R. is highly unlikely to use this striking power against the U.S.

The main danger to-day, in fact, is not in the hot war annihilation of the United States or any other Western ally. The main danger to-day is the cold war defeat of the cause of freedom everywhere. The one kind of danger is unreal, the other kind grimly real, for the same little-understood reason—because of the strange rules that set nuclear warfare altogether apart from conventional warfare. By their strangeness they always remind me of the rules of a lunatic chess game, in which the stake is the survival of human life on earth. Furthermore, these rules of nuclear war have never been tested in practice, in actual combat between two great powers with nuclear weapons. One prays they will remain forever untested. Yet they have their own macabre, remorseless logic, which neither the Kremlin nor the Pentagon can conceivably escape from. Briefly, they are as follows:

RULE I: The first blow must be the last.

It is this basic rule which makes nuclear war a radically new form of warfare. Even the greatest conquerors of the past have always won their victories by an exchange of blows. But if there is an exchange of blows in nuclear war, the aggressor will pay for his enemy's destruction with his own destruction—which is too high a price.

RULE II: The aggressor's problem is astronomically difficult; and the aggressor requires an overwhelming superiority of force.

To prevent any return blow, the aggressor has to achieve an immediate, total knock-out of his enemy's entire structure of nuclear striking power. Nothing less will do; yet these complex structures present a nightmarish multiplicity of targets spread out over very great areas. For example, the American Strategic Air Command has no less than 400 air bases in the N.A.T.O. nations, plus many more in other regions of the world. Simply to score a one-blow knock-out of this S.A.C. airbase system, A- and H-weapons would have to be delivered to all these many hundreds of targets with great accuracy and the

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most careful timing. This would require literally thousands of co-ordinated air-sorties and/or missile firings, all within the space of a few hours at the longest.

RULE III: The problem of retaliation is relatively easy; and retaliation will succeed if a quite modest force survives the aggressor's first blow.

This is because the aim of retaliation is merely to destroy the aggressor. It is ironically easier, nowadays, to destroy another nation than to destroy that nation's power to hit back in its death agony. The difference lies in the number of targets, plus one other critical fact. In order to forestall a return blow, one must rely exclusively on the restricted but instantaneous killing powers of fire and blast. But in order to destroy another nation, one can also rely on the much slower but far wider killing power of radioactive fall-out. Thus only about a few score high megatonnage H-bombs, exploded at altitude above the great cities, would pretty effectively end the national existence of the Soviet Union. A proportionately small number of air-sorties and/or missile firings would be enough to do the job.

RULE IV: For these reasons, the certainty that a modest retaliatory force will survive the first blow is a certain deterrent of nuclear aggression.

SUCH are the rules. To clarify the argument, I have simplified considerably, but only by omitting important additional features of the aggressor's problem. He has other grave questions to answer before he dare attack, such as the question about the effect of great numbers of explosions of his own A- and H-weapons on the air that his own people breathe. If the other side is well prepared, moreover, there are certain questions which the aggressor actually cannot answer at all.

One such is the time-space question, as some experts call it. This question arises when the other side possesses a widely dispersed structure of nuclear striking power linked to a fully effective air-warning system. The air bases of the American Strategic Air Command, for instance, are dispersed from Turkey westwards to Okinawa and from Greenland south to Texas. Our DEW-line in Northern Canada also provides good early warning of attacking aircraft for all the S.A.C. airbases in the U.S. Until they have built up an operational stock of intercontinental missiles, the Soviets must therefore choose between two equally disagreeable alternatives if they wish to strike the first blow. Either they can try to destroy all S.A.C.'s air bases simultaneously, sending the air-sorties destined for the Texas bases across the DEW-line very early. But the whole world-wide structure of S.A.C.'s striking power will thus be warned to retaliate, before any of it can be knocked out. Or the Soviets can aim for a simultaneous crossing of all S.A.C.'s warning-lines, with a staggered destruction of S.A.C.'s air bases. But the air bases in the U.S. will thus be warned to retaliate in good time; and in this case the DEW-line's warning will be unmistakably confirmed by the earlier destruction of S.A.C.'s more advanced bases.

Perhaps the most disquieting single feature of the Soviet success in missile development is the fact that their intercontinental missiles may shortly provide the Soviet war-planners with a satisfactory answer to this time-space question. The existing DEW-line cannot "see" high-flying missiles. But radars can be built that will also give warning against missiles. The DEW-line's full effectiveness can be restored by all-out effort. The strong deterrent power of the time-space question can thus be prolonged into the period that now lies ahead, despite the far narrower time-margins of an exchange of missiles.

Over-all, if you study the working of the strange rules of nuclear warfare, two points stand out above all others. One is an ugly point. Structures of nuclear striking power and systems of warning must be continuously maintained and continuously modernised, at constantly increasing expense. There is no escaping this vicious circle of military investment except by international agreement. If one side scamps the needed investments,

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the other side may acquire the kind of superiority that will make aggression a safe bet.

But the other point that stands out is not ugly, although it is decidedly bizarre. If needed investments are not scamped, neither side can use this hideous power that costs such enormous sums. In this case, the whole purpose of one side's investments (and it is a perfectly adequate purpose) is simply to prevent the other side's investments from producing any positive result. We really spend for nuclear weapons, in fact, in order to make sure that nuclear weapons will never be employed in war.

For just these lunatic-logical reasons, it was folly for the Eisenhower administration's budget-firsters to scamp America's nuclear investments in the last five years. Nevertheless, as of now, the damage does not seem to be irretrievable. To-day, the situation seems to be that neither party in the struggle for the world can dare to strike the first blow with nuclear weapons.

It is only too easy to prove that the American Strategic Air Command has now lost its former ability to solve the nuclear aggressor's problem. Since 1953, the Soviet structure of nuclear striking power has been immensely amplified. In the first Eisenhower years, the Kremlin built up an impressive new force of long-range jet aircraft. In the last two years, the Soviets have added a large operational stock of intermediate-range missiles. They are now beginning to build an operational stock of inter-continental missiles. Concurrently, Soviet airbases have been multiplied. Missile emplacements have been added to the airbases. These are massive extensions of the target system that S.A.C. would have to knock out in one blow; yet they have not been matched by any comparable increase of S.A.C.'s striking power. Furthermore, a full half of S.A.C.'s total striking power is still squarely dependent on the overseas bases owned by America's allies. All the European allies are now intensely conscious of the threat of Soviet intermediate-range missiles. If only because S.A.C.'s aircraft would take so long to cover the distance between the Soviet warning lines and the Soviet missile emplacements, S.A.C. cannot any longer guarantee our allies against Soviet nuclear retaliation. Our allies, therefore, will certainly refuse to provoke their own destruction by permitting S.A.C. to strike a first blow.

In these ways, S.A.C. has been gradually but irremediably transformed into a purely defensive force. S.A.C. used to be the most awe-inspiring offensive force the world had ever seen. To-day, however, S.A.C.'s sole rôle, S.A.C.'s sole capability, is to guard the U.S. and the West against Soviet nuclear attack.

As for the Soviets, it is only too easy to show how horribly near they came to solving what I have called the nuclear aggressor's problem. The fact sticks out a mile from the first decision taken by the S.A.C. staff, after the hard lesson of the sputniks. This was the decision to keep a substantial proportion of S.A.C.'s aircraft always in the air, with H-bombs always aboard, beyond reach of Soviet surprise attack. This decision has given rise to much ignorant clamour, especially in Great Britain, about American "nuclear aggressiveness." But S.A.C.'s aircraft always in the air are the very opposite of aggressive. They are far too few to strike the first blow. In fact, the only possible purpose of this somewhat desperate and hastily improvised expedient is to maintain a certain deterrent of Soviet aggression.

For the future, it must be added, S.A.C.'s emergency expedient cannot always be counted on to deter aggression by making retaliation sure. Another of the unpleasant truths known to our intelligence but not yet admitted to the American people is the loss of the American lead in two additional major fields of military technology. The Soviets are already building new radars considerably superior to our radars of the DEW-line. They have also put into production an anti-aircraft missile with a nuclear warhead, whereas our own nuclear A.A. missile is at best nearing the testing stage. This combination of greatly improved radars and nuclear

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A.A. missiles will be very formidable. With this combination, the Soviet air defence system may neutralise the threat of S.A.C.'s aircraft always in the air. Partly for this reason the American government is now anxiously trying to strengthen the West's retaliatory power with intermediate-range missiles emplaced overseas. And we are now making greater efforts to produce anti-missile radars, and to move forward the production date of the American inter-continental missiles.

Even after both sides are able to menace each other with inter-continental missiles, however, there will be other ghastly stages when anti-missile missiles and satellites with bombs on board come into successive use. Unless there is agreement upon a wholly new kind of co-existence, neither side in the world struggle can ever afford to relax its vigilance and slacken its efforts.

AT THIS point, I can imagine the impatient reader muttering angrily: "Well, if the Soviets really can't use their striking power against us, then what the devil have they gained by spending so many billions of roubles to strengthen their striking power; and what was all this talk of mortal peril that you began with?" If I may be temporarily cryptic, I would reply that both the Soviet gain and our own peril lie in a change in the meaning of two words. These are two words I have been using rather loosely—"retaliation" and "deterrent."

In brief, S.A.C. was still a sword, not a shield, in the years when the American Strategic Air Command first began to be described as "the great deterrent." Again, Secretary of State Dulles was not even dreaming about Soviet nuclear aggression when he issued his famous warning of January, 1954, that the United States would meet Communist aggression with "massive retaliation . . . at a time and place of our own choosing." The context of this warning was a threat to Formosa and its outlying islands by the Chinese Communists, who did not even possess tactical A-weapons. Dulles was in fact enunciating a new strategic theory. He was saying that rather than fight any more limited wars on the Korean pattern, we would unleash S.A.C. if sufficiently provoked to do so. This Dulles theory has remained the alleged basis of American world strategy to this day.

Politically, the Dulles warning was singularly maladroit. But militarily, the Dulles theory at least had a basis in fact, so long as the superiority of American nuclear striking power still endured. Of course, even while the U.S. had an absolute atomic monopoly, our freedom of nuclear action was restricted by the character of our government and by our need to obtain the agreement of our allies. The Kremlin gauged these restrictions most carefully. The shrewdness of Soviet judgment of risks was proven at Berlin, in Korea, and elsewhere. But some kinds of risk were always avoided. Units of the Red Army were never employed, for instance, even in a local clash. Certain critical and tempting areas of political action were also let strictly alone. Both kinds of risk were considered excessive.

To-day, however, although the Secretary of State repeated his theory in his most recent speech to the National Press Club, the Dulles theory of American world strategy has become a phantasm. Massive retaliation is now massive nonsense. The trouble is that the meanings of those two key words, "deterrent" and "retaliation," have greatly shrivelled and shrunk in the Eisenhower years. The United States cannot any longer strike the first blow in a nuclear war, even if our allies unexpectedly concur, without inviting the annihilation of the U.S. and the West. Therefore, we and our allies are not going to begin a nuclear war simply because we are displeased by Soviet pressure tactics in the Middle East, or because the Chinese Communists have suddenly seized the island of Quemoy.

On the other hand, a big, frontal attack, such as a Red Army onslaught upon Western Europe, would unleash emotions of unpredictable violence, and would also precipitate immediate "tactical" use of nuclear weapons which might well lead to a full-scale nuclear war. For just this reason, the extreme provocation of a frontal attack will almost cer-

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tainly be avoided by the Russians. Even a peripheral war likely to involve great armies of Soviet and American troops would probably be considered too dangerous. But with these exceptions, the great growth of the Soviet structure of nuclear striking power has now given the Soviets a wholly new freedom. They are now free to undertake almost any kind of local military adventure with conventional forces. *This is true because there is no real possibility of nuclear retaliation against non-nuclear action. Hereafter, nothing but one side's use of nuclear weapons will induce the other side to use these weapons* (which calls for careful re-thinking of the highly dubious idea of "graduated deterrents" and "tactical A-bombs," by the way). In the resulting new freedom of non-nuclear adventure, ironically, lies the Soviet gain from their heavy nuclear investments.

IN ORDER to see the peril to us of this new Soviet freedom of adventure, one need only turn to the problem of the Middle East. Josef Stalin was always convinced that Western interests in the Middle East were really vital, and that playing around in the Middle East was too risky. From the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Azerbaijan in 1946, until the death of Stalin, "Hands off the Middle East" always remained the Kremlin rule. The rule's force was quite dramatically demonstrated during the long Iranian crisis, when the extraordinary temptations to intervention offered by Dr. Mossadegh were sternly resisted by the Kremlin.

Within hardly more than a year after Stalin's pompous funeral, however, three things had happened that changed the Kremlin rule. The gambler, Nikita Khrushchev, had attained a key position as a Soviet policy-maker. Soviet nuclear striking power had already begun its rapid growth, causing a new growth of confidence. And President Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden had gone to the first summit meeting, with the singular ambition of convincing their implacable enemies that they were religiously dedicated to peace-at-almost-any-price.

The first Soviet-Egyptian contacts took place just before the goodwill rally at Geneva, but they were wholly tentative. Immediately after Geneva, however, Dimitri Shepilov hurried to Cairo to sign the Soviet–Czech–Egyptian arms deal. That was how Soviet intervention in the Middle East began. The risks had been recalculated. Always, since then, Soviet Middle Eastern policy has been marked by a continuous recalculation of risks. When the Eisenhower doctrine was proclaimed after the Suez crisis, for instance, the Kremlin at first supposed that the doctrine had real military meaning. Hence there was a period of pull-back. The Kremlin remained glumly passive while King Hussein trounced the pro-Soviet forces in little Jordan, and while the West's friends won the stormy Lebanese elections. But this period of pull-back ended in late July, with the shrewd Soviet manœuvres that produced the left-wing coup d'état in Syria in September.

And now the Kremlin is clearly thinking about taking an altogether novel kind of risk in the Middle East. The mark of this possible intention is simply a Kremlin promise secretly given to the Egyptians a few months ago. Specifically, the Soviets promised that they would soon openly support the Arab drive to force Israel back to the so-called "United Nations frontiers of 1947"—which would lop off huge chunks of Israel's present territory. If you know the complex Middle Eastern situation, you can begin with this secret promise; and step by step, in an almost Euclidean manner, you can deduce the new Soviet intention as you might deduce the next theorem in geometry.

The purpose of the Kremlin's promise is to force the pro-Western Arab governments to accept Kremlin championship against the hated Israelis. If the promise is kept, this result is sure. Equally surely, the secondary result will be subsequent replacement of the pro-Western Arab governments with pro-Soviet régimes on the Egyptian–Syrian model.

But another result of Soviet support for the Arab demands will be to threaten Israel with imminent destruction as a viable state. The

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Israelis may easily respond to this threat by seeking a showdown fight with the Arabs.

In such a conflict, the Israelis can defeat all the Arab armies put together; and the first to be destroyed will be the Soviets' Egyptian–Syrian friends. As the Suez fighting proved, mere shipments of Soviet arms will make little difference. Nothing less than Red Army units can be surely counted on to rescue the Arabs.

For just these reasons, the Soviets have thus far refrained from backing the Arabs against Israel, although this manœuvre is the quickest way to a great Soviet triumph and Western defeat in the Middle East. There is no use playing the ace that will take all the tricks in the Arab pack, if the Israelis can tear up those tricks the next morning.

But now, as the promise to the Egyptians indicates, the Soviets are at least considering backing the Arabs.

Therefore, the Soviets must also be considering the unavoidable parallel decision, to be ready to send Red Army units to rescue the Arabs, if this need arises.

Such is the proof that the Kremlin is now thinking about taking the one kind of risk the Kremlin has never taken, in all the troubled years since the Japanese surrender. The proof is in turn confirmed by other indicators, such as the evidence of preparation of a skeleton base for Red Army parachute forces in Syria.

ENOUGH has now been said to make the main point I have been trying to make. The point's implications are really enormous. It does not end with the fact that the Soviets have gained a wide new freedom of non-nuclear adventure, including even the freedom to use Red Army units in a discreet and disguised way, by their great gain in nuclear striking power. The same point also suggests the limitations on our own future actions. For consider the situation that may arise if the Soviets keep their promise to the Arabs, and the Israelis then seek a preventive showdown.

No massive Soviet military intervention will be required to avert an Israeli victory. But just giving the Arab armies tanks and airplanes will not be enough, either, because of the rather simple rule that you can put spokes in an umbrella but you cannot reinforce a wet paper bag. What has to be envisioned, in short, is the sudden descent in Syria of half a dozen Red Army parachute brigades, wearing appropriate "Muslim volunteer" false whiskers, and coming by the official "invitation" of the Arab governments. There will be no difficulty about such an operation. The Red Army has no less than twenty-four parachute brigades. False whiskers are not in short supply in the Soviet Union. And the Arabs will surely invite Soviet intervention, if they are threatened with another defeat by the Israelis.

What, then, will the Western nations do about this challenge, if and when it confronts them? The answer, surely, is that the Western nations will do nothing effective. The West no longer has any conventional forces ready for use, even in a limited and local conflict. The West is not going to risk nuclear annihilation because "Muslim volunteers" have plummeted into Syria by official invitation of the governments mostly directly concerned. So the West will protest and wring its hands and do nothing. The same rules apply, furthermore, to many other critical and dangerous points that used to be effectively protected by S.A.C.'s deterrent power. One such is that same island of Quemoy which caused Secretary Dulles to issue his original warning of "massive retaliation." Another, unless new Western plans are made, is West Berlin.

The story does not end, either, with this enhanced danger of local military actions that the West is presently unprepared to counter. The whole theme and aim of Soviet policy, ever since the end of the Second World War, has been to achieve a decisive upset of the world balance of power. One means to this end has been the tremendous build-up of Soviet nuclear striking power. The Middle Eastern manœuvre, if finally undertaken, will be another means to the same end. Its purpose will be to cut the oil jugular of Britain and the Western European nations, and so to deal a perhaps mortal

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economic blow to the military strength of N.A.T.O.* All the other local actions which the Kremlin may order, at Quemoy or elsewhere, will also be aimed to upset the power balance.

Already, moreover, the Soviets are actively using their new nuclear striking power in still another way, but once more with the same end in view. They are brandishing their missiles and their H-bombs at our allies on the other side of the Atlantic, in just the manner of Adolf Hitler brandishing his *panzers* and his *luftwaffe* in the middle 'thirties. Like Hitler, they are seeking to promote fear, disunity, and a general tendency to run for cover. Like Hitler again, they are alternating their threats with honeyed words and invitations to negotiate. As anyone can see who reads the newspapers, these tactics are already having far-reaching effects upon the Western alliance.

IN SUM, the Western alliance is now entering a new period of acute danger, in a mood that is increasingly flabby and maudlin, with less and less unity and firmness, and with little preparation for the unprecedented tests that lie ahead. The leaders of the United States alone can make the needed preparations. But thus far, they have not seen fit to do so. The leaders of the U.S. alone can create a new mood in the West. But the present American leaders do not command the necessary confidence to rally all the Western nations in restored and reinvigorated unity. Such is our present melancholy situation, and such is the explanation of Khrushchev's smile.

In this situation, I do not greatly fear the ultimate horror of nuclear annihilation, for the reasons I have already given—unless, to be sure, one of the great machines of nuclear striking power suffers from some purely accidental malfunction which will cause a holocaust. But so long as the Western nations are only armed with the weapons neither side can use, there are other things to fear besides nuclear war. The danger now is a long series of successful Soviet encroachments, a continual process of Western enfeeblement, a more and more drastic tilt in the world power balance in favour of the Kremlin. At the end of such a process, one can foresee the United States and the surviving Western allies reduced to the mere status of endlessly beleaguered, endlessly beset, and desperately guarded islands in a Soviet-dominated world. In such guarded, beleaguered islands, the freedom which alone gives meaning to our way of life is highly unlikely to survive.

These conclusions sound, I am afraid, like one long, harsh cry of despair. Yet I do not think we need to despair. We need, rather, to make the taxing intellectual effort to understand the new world situation, in all its unfamiliar complexity. We need to reexamine every Western position from Berlin to Seoul, deciding how all the vital positions may best be defended. We need to make the taxing military-fiscal effort to provide the mobile, rapidly transportable, and conventionally-armed forces that will automatically discourage local military actions by the Soviets and their satellites. And finally—I hesitate to say it, but it is a personal judgment so strongly based that it cannot be honestly omitted—we need to find new American leaders who are capable of rallying the West.

We are in a last-chance situation, for there is not much time left. But if we can only do all the difficult and painful things I have listed without undue delay, we may yet come through. And once the Soviets are convinced that they cannot solve their problems by the simple expedient of destroying the West, I also think they too will be ready to consider better avenues of escape from the nuclear nightmare in which they too now live.

* Or this may happen *before* the Kremlin can act, by Nasser's unaided efforts; if one can judge by the outcome of the Saudi-Arabian palace revolution announced as this article goes to press.

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J. F. N. 1797

"Corrective Training"

An Unofficial Report

[*We publish the following manuscript as it was written. It consists of excerpts from a longer work in search of a publisher. The author is known to the editors, but for obvious reasons he prefers to write anonymously.—Ed.*]

"THE prison commissioners have come to the conclusion that you will benifit from a period of corrective training; this is also the opinion of this court. I therefor sentence you to 3 years C.T. in the hope that you take advantage of all that will be done for you."

The screw touched my arm and I turned around and walked down the stairs to the cells under the court. As I came along the passage leading from the court to the cells a screw shouted.

"One lagging C.T."

The princable officer, who was sitting at his desk at the end of the passage nodded his head and recorded the sentence in his book.

That was how it started, and now it is over, and I am out again. I am corrected.

"Alright you get in the second peter on the right, theres two more in there to keep you company, till the meatwaggon arrives. You go to Wandsworth, O.K. in."

"Just a minute," I spluttered. "Has my bird showed up yet?"

"GO ON IN," he shouted.

"Will you try and see if she's here?" I asked.

"No I can't what do you think I'v nothing to do all day but chase after your f... bird, not that I would mind that..."

As he was still rabiting the P.O. came walking along the pasage. As he walked past I called to him. He was an oldish man and I expect he had been in the prison service for many years and new every answer in the book.

"Yes son what can I do for you?" He asked quite kindly for a screw.

"I just wonder if you could find out if my bird has showed up yet? Her name is Miss Billie Dixon."

"Alright son," he said and turned and walked away.

I went into the peter while the screw stood looking daggers at me. The door swung shut locking it's self as it did so automaticaly, which is I believe perculiar only to the nick. The two other chaps in the peter were a spook and some geezer, who as he told me about two seconds later, had been captured on a blag down the west. So when we got swaged into the meatwagon I asked another geezer the strength of him, and the strength was that he'd got nicked for ponceing off his old woman who was a brass on the game down the Baze. He was still shouting the odds about this blag, which was as I have said nothing but a dirty great romance, when the screw opend the door and called me out telling me to folow him.

I asked him what for and if my bird had shown.

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"Yes she's here and you can see her for ten minutes, and THAT'S ALL.!"

So I folowed him along another passage and up some stone steps. As I walked, I felt that feeling of fear mixed with misery; fear because no thief and tearaway shows any emotion just because he has got a capture, and has got a lagging to do, all he does is say b . . . to the law and the prison chaplain is an old c . . . . I felt the tears welling up inside me. God please do'nt let me cry. By this time we had reached the visiting room and there was Billie.

"Hello Darling," she said.

I could'nt say a word I just looked at her and looked away again.

Now then Frankie boy, this is'nt what a tearaway does, come on your a villain not a sniveller.

"How yer going sweety pie?" I grinned and then fell silent, as I just did'nt know what to say. In fact I was to scared to say anything else in case the words choked me.

"Oh my Darling, I love you so much I'll wait for ever and . . ."

I can't stand much more of this. Can she see that tear in my eye? Come on boy do your stuff, here goes.

"Now listen to me, I dont want you to wait I'm going to be gone a long time and it's best we scrub it right now."

"ALRIGHT TIMES UP.!"

"Can I kiss him goodbye," asked Billie.

"O.K. but make it quick, the meat-waggon 's waiting outside.

I closed my eyes as I felt her lips on my'n, so soft and warm. How many times had we kissed like this, a thousand times a thousand, but never like this. It suddenly came to me in a flash that this was the end, I had a lagging to do. Tomorrow when I wake up I'll be in a peter somewhere in Wandsworth all on my jack. Did she know then that this was to be the last time that I would hold her in my arms like this? I like to think that she did not know.

I was amazed to find myself begging her to wait for me. What had happend to the hard case?

"Darling I love you more than anything in the world, I just could'nt do this without you, please wait for me I'll all ways love you, as long as I live."

The screw shouted again and so we parted. I was lead back along the same passage, but this time I was told to take the second turning on the right, which I found led out into the yard at the back of the court. The meat waggon was waiting to take me to Wandsworth. Everyone else was already inside and I was the last one.

ONE day after I'd been in the nick for about a month, I was sitting on my stool in the pouch shop when all of a sudden there was a right barney at the other end of the shop, I did'nt see what happend, all I saw was some mug laying stark out on the deck, with a load of claret pouring out of his mouth. A twirl had rushed up to some crank and grabed hold of him, this crank was waveing a wooden malet about all over the place. For a few moments there was a lot of noise, every one was standing up and shouting the odds.

"IOH . . . IOH IOHRRRRRAHHHA . . . AH."

"/////// SSSSSSSS . . . sssssss. , , , , , ."

"Smash his bleedin ead in."

Suddenly the dor flew open and the heavey mob came charging in, grabed hold of the crank and charged out again.

Another twirl who had been doing a bit of first aid on the geezer lieing on the deck hoisted him to his feet and with the help of another screw half draged and half carried him out of the shop and to the hospitale.

All this only took about five minites from begining to end and no sooner had the shouting started than it stopped.

In fact a deadly silence fell on the shop as the twirls in charge paced up and down, looking for some poor mug to nick for this volly of abuce. They are very fond of captureing one or two of the chaps, on these occasions and chargeing them with insiteing a mutiny or something like that, and they are not at all fussy who they nick, usualy it's the two nearest to them.

I always make bloody sure that I'm well

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out of sight before I do any shouting. They did'nt have any luck this time as every one was industreusly sewing their heads of. I was so industreus that if they had looked at me to hard I would have sewn my fingers to the bag; stand on me.

Usualy that is the end of these matters they just split the two of them up by moveing one of them out of the shop, and if they are in the same hall they transfer one of them to another hall. This case was no different to any other in this respect except the geezer who got the hammer in his chopps was a bit of a hard case with a reputation to keep, so he could'nt aford to let anyone smash him in the chops with no hammers.

As they had been seperated he found that it was going to be a bit difficalt to get his own back, but being a real shrewed nut he found a way.

The crank was an R.C. and went to the R.C. Chaple every Sunday. The other chap went to the C of E church, so you may think that he could'nt get at him. Well this is how he worked it. He put down a governors applecation, the reason for this was to ask for a change of religion, from C of E to R.C. This is quite easly done all you have to do is fill in a form and see the preast of which ever denomination you want to change to. Which is just what this geezer did. And so it was that about a month later he was sitting in the R.C. chaple taking little part in the service. Instead he was weighing up his chances of getting at the other fellow.

Any old how as every one is leaving the chaple he managed to get behind him and as there is a bit of a mob around the door he saw his chance and took advantage of it, and pulls out this tin knife.

The next thing anyone knows is this crank is screaming blue murder and holding the side of his face, and claret is pouring out from between his fingers, and running up his sleave. Immediatly he started to shout, screws seemed to come from every direction, but they were'nt quite quick inough this time, even the one who was only about three feet away did'nt see who did it. One reason for this was that the geezer who did this, done a very cunning move as soon as he had stripped this crank down the boat, instead of dropping back which would have been the natural thing to do, he overtook the first two or three in front of him and got out of the chaple befor the screws started to look around to see who was nearest to this dasterdly deed, and start turning people over in the hope of finding the tool.

But by the time they had started to look around for someone to nick, the tool had been well got rid of.

AFTER I had been in about four months, I was sitting in the shop one day when a twirl came in and called out my name, I got up and he told me to go with him as I was being transferd to the C.T. wing. The reason for this was so they could diside where they were going to send me to do my bird. Where I had been for the first four months was no good, but the C.T. wing was double no good.

I left the shop and the screw took me to my peter, where I went through the same old game of packing my kit. When I had done this he took me over to the receptions where I was signed out of the main nick into the C.T. wing, as the C.T. wing has nothing to do with the main, it has it's own screws and it's own govenor.

The morning after I had moved in, the govenor called me up and told me I would most like to be here for three weeks, then I would be sent to the nick that they thought I would be best suited to. In actual fact I was there for two months and I think they were about the worst two months out of the whole twentyfour.

I was put to work in the wood shed where you have to chop up great railway sleepers into little peices of kindling wood, then you make them into bundles to be sent to goverment offices to light fires for warming the arses of goverment officials.

There is quite a lot of accidents of people chopping there fingers instead of the wood. I chopped mine on one occasion and had to go to hospital where I was told that I should

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be more careful. I felt anoyed at being told this, as it's in the law of averages that if you are chopping all day that you must at some time make a ricket and chop your hand or something.

There was a schfatzer working on the next bench to me one day he was chopping away quite happily, whan all of a sudden he lets out this dirty great scream, and falls spark out on the deck with claret pouring out of his thumb, but it seems that he is'nt hurt that bad because they swag him over to the hospital, and about half an hour later he came back with a big bangage round his thumb and a big smile on his boat race. Another thing about the wood shop is, that it is'nt the healthest place to work as there is plenty of dust floating about in the air, which gets in your north and south and up your Harry James so that you never leave of spitting out a sort of paiste, made up of dirt, sawerdust, and salaver, even when you have left the shop, which is very charming.

When I had been in the C.T. wing for about a week, I was called up one afternoon to see the phsyciotrist, the reason for this is to find out wether or not you are a nutter, which in more than enough cases is the biggest certanty you know.

I arrived at his office to find that he was already to see me, and I did'nt have to hang about as I usualy had to. As I walked in the trickcyclist told me to sit down on the chair faceing him.

He was quite a young man, and I suspect that he was one of these men with new idears about how to find out if anyone is a nutter or not.

"Well Wilson, how are you getting on,?" he asked. "Alright Sir," I replied, which was a lie as I was'nt getting on well at all, I was cheesed off up to the eyebrows. It is always a mistory to me that when you ask anyone how they are getting on they always say very well thank you, or quite nicely thank you, or just, alright thankyou. Even if things are bloody horrible which more often than not is the truth.

This is the same in the nick as anywhere else.

"This is your first long sentance is'nt it?"

"Yes sir".

"And you have four previous convictions?"

"Yes sir".

"I see you got this lot for false pretences, what made you do it? you've been out of trouble for five years, and from reading your record I don't think that you are as bad as you are painted, I would like you if you would to tell me a little about yourself."

This aproche is known as the old moody, but human nature being what it is if someone talkes to you nicely and makes a show at being interested in you, you nearly always fall for it, Even if it is a pretence. This is more likely to happen in the nick where you are under the cosh and most of the screws seem to take a sadistic delight in makeing things as uncomfortable as they can for you. Even so I did not imedatly tell him the in's and out's of what made me go crooked again. You see when you get shouted at almost all the time, you become used to it. So when some one comes along and starts treating you like a human being you distrust them as much as the screws if not more.

"Everything you need to know about me is written in that record." I replied. (Anyway he had got me to say a little more than yes and no.)

"If you do'nt want to talk to me about it you do'nt have to," he said, "but I asure you that anything that you tell me is only between us, and will not be repeated to anyone outside of this room."

What is the first thing you do if someone tells you not to talk? Well that's just what I did.

I will not bore you with a sob story as I do not like them very much myself, also when writting about the nick whoever is reading what you have written is liable to think you are making excuses for being a criminal, which would not do at all. After all you have done wrong and must take the conciquences.

I wish it was as bleeding easy as that.

When I had finished telling him this sad story, I was amased to see that he seemed to see how things were.

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I supose there are people with human feelings even on a prison staff.

As a matter of fact I met one or two in other nicks, and even one or two who didn't agree with the sisterm that it was there duty to administrate. One of these people once said to me point blank that he thought corrective training was the biggest waist of time he had ever seen, and society owed us something and he also added that I was not to quote him as he was both a fisical and moral coward.

EVENTUALLY after a lot of messing about I had a call up and was told that I would be going to Chelmsford prison, the next day. So the next morning I was taken out of bed earlier than usual, and swagged down to the receptions where I was given my own clothes. What had been kept in a sack and had been saturated with some sort of powder to keep the moth away. So that, what with the stink and being screwed up ina ball for five months I hardly recognised them. After I had dressed myself I was locked up in a peter with six other geezers who were also going to Chelmsford. After a while a twirl opened up the door and told us to come out and get in two's. So that we could be cuffed together, there was a big shuffel as every one tryed to get with their mate. We lined up and the P.O. who was in charge of the escort that was going to take us and look after us and make sure no one had it away. Which if it did happen would cost some one half a sheet.

Chelmsford Nick is not as large as the nicks in London, but it smells much worse, the peter I was put in had a large brown patch on the wall where, whenever it rained, water came in with remarkable ease considering the wall was built of solid stone.

Although this nick was easier to get along in as the disapline was not quite so strickly administered, and one could also get away with more in conciquence. The morning after my arrival I was called up to see the Governor. When I arrived in his office I went through all the same game as before, name, number, sentence, etc. I was put to work in the mailbag shop, that afternoon it is said that prisoners doing C.T. are not suposed to sew mailbags except whilest on punishment, as this is a very soul destroying job. The reason being we are not in prison to have our souls destroyed but corrected. This of course does not happen very often as nobody very much wants to be corrected, in any case the people who are supposed to be showing us the light, are just not capable of doing so. What is more they know that they are incapable I have asked more than one screw about this matter of correction and I have been told not to talk so bloody silly, or else answeres like (i.e.) What do you think I am, a bleeding probabtion officer or some thing. I could not agree more? no man can correct another while there is this feeling of distrust between jailer and convict and until this barrier can be removed, there will remaine this feeling of dispondance on one side and hate and fear on the other.

On Sunday I went to church, I used to go to church every Sunday only because I could't odds it, as it is compulsory which is the only way they would get any one to go. In one nick I heard that it was optional, and out of six hundred men they used to get about ten arriving in the church on Sundays. They were all either sex cases or shnides who were crawling round the chaplain. This time I remember it was Harvest Festival and they had all the church done out in flowers and fruit and stuff, I very nearly died laughing because a mate of my'n had nicked an apple and had it in his handkerchief, when ever he thought that no one was looking he held it up to his face as though he was going to blow his hooter, but in stead he would take a dirty great bite out of this apple which made a loud crunching noise which could be heard all over the place. But as he was very quick to get it out of sight, the screws couldn't tumble when the crunching came from, this in itself you may not think all that comical. But you didn't see his boat race it was just like an angels' come down from where ever they come from, and twice as innocent. When the sky pilot got up in the pulpit to give us our weekly pep talk each Sunday he would always make some feeble joke which we

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always laughed at as loud and as long as possible, although he must have known that we were sending him up. He still used to make some mildly funny remark and every time he did the whole church would be filled with rawcous laughter, even though only half the audience had heard what had been said.

THERE is one thing in the nick that cannot be blamed on to the commissioners and that is your fellow prisoners. It is well known that you have to watch the men in grey far closer than those in blue, and trust them less. One Thursday after I had got my weeks snout, which was a little less than usual. I accidently left it on my table while I went to get a jug of water from the reacess, when I got back with my water the snout had gone missing. I tried to find out who had taken it but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. It may have been a stranger or it may have been one of my mates, I never found out and I am glad I didn't. I do not blame who ever did take it I blame myself for leaving it where some one could nick it, after all that what prisons are for. Theives!

Every night at about six a clock they used to let us listen to the wireless, but this was not really much of a privelege as the programmes that we were forced to hear were usually pretty grim. As by an large chamber music is not appreciated by the chap's, another disadvantage was the acoustic as when they switched on the radio it sounded like the anouncer at Kings Cross station, the sound echoed around the halls. This was almost greeted with a volie of abuse.

"Switch that f . . . noise of you c . . . !"

"Barstards!"

"Why don't you turn it on a bit louder, you f . . . poxed-up f . . . pig."

At this the wireless would usually be switched off a bit sharp. This was always greeted with a rousing cheer. On Sunday as a special treat we were alowed to hear family favourites this was a very popular programme, which was probably the reason why they always turned it off about half way through, although this was not a very nice thing to do, it would not have been so bad if they did not always turn it of in the middle of a record. For a second there would be dead silence, then. Murders.

"Barstards!"

"Wireless! Wireless! wireless! wireless! WIRELESS!"

"Switch the f . . . wireless on screw!"

"Switch that bleeding wireless back on you f . . . HORESON!"

"Wireless! wireless! wireless! wireless! wireless! wireless! wireless! . . ."

Needless to say all this never did any good, as the wireless was never turned on again once it had been turned off. But every Sunday when it was turned off there was always a load of shouting and screaming. It was not really because the wireless was turned off that every one used to shout, the real reason was we were all so frustrated that at the slightest excuse to make a noise. We would explode.

NOT long after this I was called up and told that I was going to be transferred again this time to the Island, and as usual they told me the day before I was due to go. As a rule this didn't matter, my time was their's. But this time I got the dead needle as I was expecting a visit from Billie the following Saturday and I was going to be transferred on the Wednesday. I had expected her to come the previous week but she hadn't showed. As a matter of fact I had once again began to sus that she was beginning to waver in her love for me, as her latest letters had begun with sentences like. "I'm sorry to be late in writing again," or, "I did write to you last week but I gave the letter to my mother to post, but I only found out yesterday that she had forgotten to post it." I had also noticed the lack of lipstick on her letters, in the beginning she had always left a large impression of her lips on the top or at the end of her letters.

Camp Hill. From the name of this nick most people think that it is a prison without bars but that is not the case, in fact far from it, for it has a wall which is as high, and as formidable as any I have seen. There is a big difference in the structure to

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any other nick in the country. Instead of being built in a sort of star shape as the rest are, with a centre and wings going of in all directions. Each hall is built seperatly, there are six altogether not counting the administration building and the cook house. Each has a name, Michaels, Georges, Andrews, Davids, Patricks and Edwards. All these with the exeption of Edwards were, I imagine, called after the Saints. I was put in Saint Micheal, which wasn't considered one of the best wing to be in and I should like to add that it wasn't either. Also there was another difference to any other nick and that was that they did not call the wings, wings or halls as they do in every nick I have ever been in, they call them houses, this was left over from the days when it was a Borstal and so were the ideas they had for running the place. Which was in the main childishness and pettiness, the reason for this was that most of the twirls and the governors had been there when it was a Borstal and if you ask me they still thought they were running a Borstal. Although I taught myself quite a lot in this place as it was here that I went on the art class where I taught myself the rudiments of drawing and painting also I read quite a large number of books on this subject, I think this was the worst place I have ever been in in my life. The reason for this was they used take the most diabolical liberties with us, they could do all most anything they like with us for we were on the Island. Although it is only a few miles from the main land it is far enough away for the people in authority over us, to think they had us under the cosh. Consequently there was always trouble and there was almost always some one having it away, and it was very rare for a day to go by without some having a nuckle.

It was Christmas time when I arrived at Camp Hill and they were preparing for the festivities if you could call it that which you couldn't even with the wildest stretch of your imagination. But they do try and give you a little bit more than usuale.

One of the things they got us for was the locale repatry company who got a very rousing reception not only at the beginning and at the end of the play but all the way through so that it was very hard to hear what they were saying, but I must say they were very game and stuck it to the end, I do not remember the name of this play but I do remember that one of the caricters takeing part was a duck which wadled on to the stage where it was pick up and cudeld by a gurl, after a while she put it down again and it waddled of again. That was the last they saw of it, it was supposed to appear again in the last act but it didn't show, the reason for this was he or she had already been done in and was at that moment roasting in one of the ovens in the cook house, but know one new this exept a select few who had kidnaped it or should I say ducknaped it.

At this time I had about sixteen months left to do and was finding it a bit of a drag, so I decided that I would try and get on one of the classes that they used to have in the evening, I didn't realy want to learn anything but I thought it might help to pass the time. I also didn't know what class to go to untill one day one of the chaps came up to me on the exercise yard and we began to have a bunny, as we talked he took an apple out of bin and began to eat it, at this my eyes almost poped out of my head as I hadn't even seen a apple let alown tasted one for almost a year, when he saw that I was clocking him he asked me if I wanted a bite which I excepted gratefully.

"Where the hell did you get this from?" I asked. At first he did not want to tell me but after a little perswageion he told me that he nicked it the night before while he was on the art class, it seems that on the art class they paint or try to paint still life, as this is a very popular subject, and the reason in case you haven't guest is the apples and oranges which they nick at the end of the evening and some times at the biginning, although this is not considered fair play. Anyway I put my name down for the art class and a few days latter I was told that I could go to it the following Friday night so it was that the next Friday night I had my first art lesson, the teach told me to draw the clock on the wall, which I did the only difference was my

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clock was sort of elongated. And I didn't even get an apple that night, which nearly made me turn it in but I am happy to say that I got so absorbed in it that at times I wasn't in the nick at all. The next morning I pulled the geezer who worked in the liberairy asked him to get me a few books on a painting, and from that time on I never looked back every spare moment I had, I was eather drawing or painting or reading about painters. As yet I havent sold a picture but I have given away quite a lot.

THERE is one set in the nick, on the outside they would be known as the smart set, or the Mayfair mob. They are terrabley, terrabley precious, and they talk like pound notes, these geezers keep themselves to themselves, and hardly ever speak to anyone who does'nt belong to their crowd. There was one in particular who I remember very well indeed, the reason being he was in the peter opposite to me for over a year, he hardly ever spoke to me unless he wanted something, like a smoke or a snout paper. But when ever he did want to con me out of something he would always have a little conversation first, to sort of try and put me under oblegation to him. He would walk casualy by and look at me as though he was serprized to see me, in spite of the fact that I saw him every day of my life.

"Oh I say, how are you old man?"

"I'm alright, how are you," I'd answer.

"Well to tell you the trueth old chap I'm a little chocker of this place."

"Is that so, well never mind it'll all come out in the wash," I'd say trying to be simpathetic.

"Yes I supoes you are right but you see I had a letter from the mater & pater the other day, and they are very unhappy about me being in here."

"Is that so; well never . . . ," but he would'nt let me finish.

"You see my sister Boo-Boo is getting married next week and I wont be able to be there."

"I say how awfull for you."

"Now your being beastly, please don't mock me it realy is to bad of you."

"Sorry no offence ment."

"That's alright then, you see I can't realy bear to miss my poor little Boo-Boo's wedding."

Why does'nt this mug rap up.

"When my Boo-Boo has been married she is going to live in the most fabulious dreamy little house, in a little village in Wiltshire."

"That's nice."

"Yes I do wish I could be there."

"Never mind."

"I say old chap I don't like to trouble you but I wonder if you would so kind, as to lend me a cigarette paper. You see I'm afraid I'v run out and I wont be able to get any more untill the end of the week, it's duce of a nusance."

"Here you are," I'd say, and give a couple.

"Oh I say, that is kind of you, but I'll let you have them back never fear."

"That's alright don't bother."

"But I insist old chap."

Why don't you go and jump over the top.

"OK!"

"Goodbye old chap."

"Be seeing you."

With this he would walk away down the landing as though he was takeing a walk down the Dilly.

IT IS as I may have said compulsory to got to church on Sunday, there just isn't anyway of getting out of it. They make a big thing of religion in the nick I have never seen anything so hipicritical in my life.

In the main the geezers in the quire are all queers or some other sort of sex case's, they put on their white cassocks and do their best to look like a load of bleeding virgins. One of them carries the cross, usuall the biggest queen of them all.

As she walks down the aisle a faint hiss comes from the centre of the congregation which gradually spreads untill there is a steady hiss coming from the pues. The parson who has a skin like an Elephant gets up.

"The first hymn will be number 46 brethren."

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The organ plays the introduction and we all stand up. The noise that follows is better associated with a boozer than a church.

The first hymn over the parson, the quier, the governor, and the screws kneel and pray but not us we just loll in our seats waiting for them to finish their begging and pleading.

After another hymn and a psalm the parson begins to resite the creed.

"I believe in Picture Post," said a voice from the midle of the crowd.

NO nobody prays in church.

One of the worst things in the nick are the bent screws, for some reason they are bigger basterds than anyone else, it's proberbly a cover up so the chief and govenor wont tumble them. There are not many bent screws the reason being that most of them are too honest or too scared to do any trafficing, but the ones that do make a bomb. There was one screw that had a big American car that he bought from gilt that he made from flogging snout to the barons. There are quite a few ways of working a fiddle with a twirl. First you have to find yourself a bent one this is not as hard as you may imagine as if you have money he will find you, after that the usual way is when you have a visit, you tell your bird or wife or whoever it is to send, say a fiver, to an adress that the screw gives you, and that's it. As soon as the screw gets the money, you get the snout. The rate of exchange is three ounses of snout to the pound, sometimes the rate of exchange goes down and you can only get two. The screw gets the joeie and stickes it in your peter, the rest is up to you, it is a very dodgy game because even if you comes a tumble and gets captured, you ca'nt grass the screw because if you do the screw will deny it, and if a screw denies it thats the end of the matter as far as the commissioners are concerned, a screws word is gospel.

CORRECTIVE Training was an invention which was intvented by a bodey of geezers, in the Home Office, when they brought out the new criminal justice act, when ever that was. When they had got it all nicely written down on paper, they handed it to the Home Secertary who presented it to the house. And they made a law, it was then handed to the prison commissioners who handed it down to the prison governors, who in their turn told the chief officers about it and they told the princeable officers, who ordered the screws to carry it out. This is all very nice exept the only difference is they havent got the first idea what it 's all about. And in any case could'nt care less. The other people who are told all the ins and outs of it are the judges and magestrates, and now that it has been going for about ten years or so, they are beginning to understand what it is all about. But this does'nt stop them from giveing it to geezers who it is'nt going to help.

As I have said I took up painting and what is more I became so absorbed in it that I spent almost all my free time (if you could call it that) locked up in my peter hunched over my drawing board, or over a book on painting or about painters. I even had two of my pictures sent to an exhibition on the Isle of Wight, they didn't get exepted but that does'nt matter. What with one thing and another I was getting a bit of a name as a crank but I was amazed that even this did'nt stop me from doing what I set out to do, what ever that was. When at last my time came to be discharged I had over fifty paintings and drawings all of which they let me take out with me, I wonder what came over them?

About this time I had another letter from Billie, what made her write I don't know. Anyway she did, maybe she had some twinges of conshunce or something.

Hello Darling,

Can you ever forgive me for what I have done to you, I love you so much I just don't know what came over me. Please forgive me and try to forget what I did I promiss if you do I'll never let you down again.

You see I started going round the old places and I met . . .

The slag what does she take me for a mug or what? She's got more front than Selfridges, what a liberty, she goes of with some

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geezer and then I expect she get's the bent when this geezer get's browned of with her, then she thinks to herself Frankie will be out soon he'll look after me. Wait till I get my hands on her I'll kick her all over that bleeding west end.

I'll get a letter off the screw tonight and give her a peice of my mind who does she think she is anyway.

My Darling Billie,

Thank you for your wonderfull letter it is I who has to be forgiven for let you wait all this time for me. I love you and I want you to wait for me it wont belong now just eight months.

I will always love you and I want thing's to be just like they used to be. Do you think you can come and see soon I will send you a visiting order then we can talk thing's over. Don't worry about a thing we will just forget about the past . . .

What a mug, of course that was the worst thing I could have writen, why did'nt I write what I was thinking?

I didn't get an answer to that letter in fact she did'nt write again at all. Don't it make you larff.!

IT WAS getting near to the time of my discharge, not near enough for me to worry about it to much, but near enough for the governor's to start asking me all the same old questions that they had asked me when I had first got my bird. One day I got a call up for the quack I had the usual wait and then he called me into his office.

"Well Wilson it wont be long now before you go out, have you thought about what you are going to do?"

The quack wasn't a bad geezer, and I quite liked him even though he was universaly hated by one and all, the reason for this was his sence of humor which was very corstic, when you went sick, he nearly always made some dry remark which would make you go potty, because you had no deffence against it, but even so I quite liked him. So I desided to talk to him and see what happend.

"I don't know yet sir; and that's the trueth."

"You must have some idea, are you going screwing as soon as you get out?"

"No sir."

"What then?"

"Do you mind if I speak frankly sir?"

"Not at all," said the quack, "I wish you would."

"Well you asked me what I am going to do when I get out. This is supposed to be corrective training at least that is what the judge said when he sentenced me. This being the case when I came here I expected something, I don't know what, but something. The two years that I have done I might just as well have done in an ordinary nick. I have been cheated and I'll tell you why. If you become eligable for C.T. that is when you have three or more inditeable offences on your record, the prison commissioners then deside wether or not you will beniffite from a period of this corrective training. If they deside that you will and they usualy do, you will nearly always get it, no matter what the crime is you have commited wether it is big or small. Also it does'nt matter how long you have been out of trouble you are still just as likely to get it as a geezer who only got out of the nick the day before. Now then, once they have desided wether or not they think you will benifite from it, you go to court. For arguments sake let us say there is two geezers and one has got done for a comparatively minor crime, stealing a bottle of milk off some ones door step, and the other geezer has got got nicked for a serious crime like nicking a lorrie load of wiskey. The geezer who has nick the bottel of milk has been recomended for C.T. and the geezer who nicked the lorrie load of wiskey has'nt. So the milk bottel geezer goes into the dock and the judge tell's him that he is going to give him a chance, he then sentences him to three or maybe four years C.T. Then the lorrie load of wiskey geezer goes into the dock and the judge tells him that he is going to deal with him very servely, and send's him to prison for two years. This all sound's very nice except the difference between Corrective Training and ordinary bird is none egsistant."

"The question I asked you," said the

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quack "was what are you going to do when you get out."

(I don't think this barstard heard a word I said.)

"I told you I don't know yet what I'm going to do."

"Alright that's all, you can go now; but think thing's over, the next time you get into any trouble you'll get a very long time and don't make any mistake about that."

"No sir I wont forget."

I got up and walked out, and that was it, always the same, they ask you what you think about thing's, so you tell them and they always get the needle.

ONE of the reasons the nicks are so full, is the wonderfull security one feels there, you do not have to do anything for yourself, you are feed, clothed, and housed, the price of cause is your freedom, but to quite a lot of geezers doing bird this does'nt worry them at all and to tell the truth after the first year I didn't worry about it very much, in fact when it came near to the time I was to be let go I was a little sory and also scared. For as soon as I was free I had to find my own food my own clothes and my own place to sleep and find my rent every week just as I had to befor I went inside.

When you are relieced, if you do'nt have any money they give you a caser and a letter to the national insurance board, believe me this is realy rough. You get out and you have this caser and this letter and they are realy surprised to see you come back in a month or two and sometimes much sooner.

You arrive at the N.A.B. and hand your letter to the geezer behind the counter.

"Take a seat over there," he says, pointing to a wooden form. You sit down and wait for maybe fifteen minutes then someone calls your name. You walk over to the counter and you are told to sit down.

"Your name is Frank Wilson?"

"Yes, er yes sir," you reply and almost give them your number, it's so easy to forget your out when you get in front of one of these offishus civil servants.

"What is your address?"

"I'm afraid I don't have one at the moment, as I've just come out and I do'nt have any money to get a placewith."

"Well I'm sorry but until you have an address we cannot do anything for you, all we can do is to give you inough money to get a bed in a doss house, you can come back tomorrow and then we may be able to do somthing else, but you must bring the doss house ticket with you."

So they give you a caser the bed if you get that far costs you two or three bob, which doesn't leave much to live on. (But of course this time was a little different because I was still under the cosh, with a stretch licence to do. So this time they gave me a little more than a caser, infact they gave me a nicker, to get myself a gaff with.) It's not surprizeing that so many go back so soon when this sort of thing is happening all the time, one minute you have almost compleat security and the next you'v got nisht, no home no bed no nothing, and they say I just can't understand why you keep on comming back.

It's the first month or so that counts if you get over that alright you have at least got a chance of going straight and never seeing the inside of a nick again, of course nothing is certain but at least you have a chance, I'm over the first month infact it's almost half a stretch now since I got out I wonder if I will stay out this time. We will see, what we shall see!

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J. H. Hexter

Storm Over the Gentry

The Tawney—Trevor-Roper Controversy

HERE is one story about the Great Rebellion:

In the hundred years between 1540 and 1640 England was swept by an economic tidal wave—the Price Revolution. The impact of that tidal wave raised prices at least three-fold in about a century. On men with relatively fixed incomes and inflexible standards of consumption, the rise in prices wrought havoc. Indeed it decisively altered the balance of property in England. The rural rentiers sank; the rural entrepreneurs came to the top. The Crown lost property. More important, so did the aristocracy and some of the conservative landlords. Backward rentiers by and large, medieval in their habits of thought and life, they spent beyond the shrinking yield of their unimproved estates, and soon those estates were feeding a hungry land market. What these living relics of a departed age lost, a new class gained. The new class was the rising gentry. Owners of estates of middling size, recruited from among the local landholders, the lawyers, and merchants, they thrived by methods familiar to those merchants with whom indeed they formed but a single social class. Estate management and especially cultivation of the demesne made them rich; rational farming practices enabled them to buy the lands that for thriftlessness and insouciance the aristocracy was forced to sell. To these "economic realities," these "social facts," these "impersonal forces" of the age, "political institutions" had to adapt themselves. When the days of reckoning came in the 1640's, they brought to completion and set a political seal on a social change that had already taken place. The man who saw and set down the basic facts was the author of Oceania, *James Harrington. His work epitomised the passing of the aristocracy and the rise of the middle-class gentry, the new rulers of England.*

So Professor R. H. Tawney with an assist from Mr. Lawrence Stone.

Here is another story about the Great Rebellion:

In the hundred years between 1540 and 1640 England was swept by an economic tidal wave—the Price Revolution. The impact of that tidal wave raised prices at least three-fold in about a century. On men with relatively fixed incomes and inflexible standards of consumption the rise in prices wrought havoc. Its most distinguished victims were the "mere" gentry, those unfortunates whose sole source of income was the ownership of estates of small and middling size. Bound by country custom and the demands of status to extravagant consumption, they lacked the credit that might have enabled them, as it did the greater magnates, to limit their losses and rebuild their fortunes in the shelter provided by borrowed capital. The mere gentry were doomed to disaster, to decline, or—even if they curbed their extravagance—to stagnation, for the way to wealth did not lie through agonised penny-pinching in a dreary manor house. It lay through a risky gamble for favour at court. Those who won that gamble—court lawyers, court officials, court peers, and royal favourites, even court merchants who battened on the commercial privileges that the court alone could bestow—comprised the rising class in the century before the Great Rebellion. From among those who lost the gamble, the mere gentry, came the recruits for several anti-court rebellions that failed, and for the one—that of 1640—which succeeded. These impoverished squires are the true revolutionaries of the Puritan Revolution, in which they appear as the Independent party. Their revolution is not one of hope but of disconsolate desperation. It is also a revolution of disaster, since, fundamentally hostile to state power, the

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mere gentry do not know what to do with state power when they have it. James Harrington is not their prophet; he is their self-hypnotised poet, singing them a fantastic song of a dreamer's day that never was and never could be, when the mere gentry really ruled the land.

So Professor Trevor-Roper, unassisted.

Thus, two great winds blowing past one another through the pages of the *Economic History Review* have, in recent years, generated a storm over the gentry. That genial connoisseur of the idiosyncrasies of the historian's craft, Professor Edward Kirkland, has formulated the appropriate professional reaction to such a storm: "On the one hand, *this*; on the other hand, *that*. It is premature to arrive at any conclusion. What we need is thirty-seven monographs, fifteen more years of investigation, a research institute, and a $200,000 grant from the foundations." Pending the descent of this eleemosynary manna, however, we may tentatively venture an examination of the evidence offered by Professor Tawney and by Professor Trevor-Roper in support of their respective theses.

II

THE evidence is of several different kinds. Tawney presents a good deal of comment from 17th-century writers, Trevor-Roper a little, intended to show that contemporary witnesses were conscious of the very social transformations which their mutually contradictory contentions allege to have been in process. Professor Tawney and Mr. Stone on one side, Professor Trevor-Roper on the other, also offer a number of specific instances, observations on the careers and fortunes of 16th- and 17th-century individuals and families, to illustrate their conflicting general theses. Here the similarity in kinds of evidence ceases. For Tawney and Stone support their arguments with a considerable mass of statistical evidence as to the fortunes of whole social classes, while Trevor-Roper, though challenging the validity of his opponents' statistics, provides few of his own. On the other hand, Trevor-Roper offers a broad reinterpretation of the political history of England from the rebellion of the Earl of Essex to the Restoration, while Professor Tawney, ignoring his opponent's interpretation of that history, offers none of his own.

Let us examine these different kinds of evidence.

As to general statements by the men of the times, alleged by Professor Tawney and Professor Trevor-Roper in support of their divergent conceptions, a little caution suggests itself. The human propensity to make a poor mouth knows no bounds of time or space; and on suitable occasions men of almost every era and almost every level of affluence have fed their discontent and their sense of their own under-rewarded merit by invidiously comparing their degree of solvency with that of men richer than they. Besides this chronic human failing, there are sometimes more immediately and materially pertinent motives. Consider, for example, the claim of penury put in by Sir Edward Montague on behalf of the county of Northampton in the reign of James I. The claim is cited by both Professor Tawney *and* Professor Trevor-Roper as evidence of the impoverishment of that sector of the landed class which the exigencies of their respective and opposed arguments require them to impoverish. Sir Edward complains that "most of the ancientest gentlemen's houses in the county are either divided, diminished, or decayed," and that "there hath been within these three or four years many good lordships sold within the county, and not a gentleman of the county hath bought any, but strangers, and they no inhabitants." The condition of the native Northamptonshire gentry may, of course, have been quite as parlous as Sir Edward's remarks indicate; but with only an *ipse dixit* to support his allegations, it seems pertinent to give some slight attention to the context of those allegations, to the circumstances and situation that elicited them. The observations are dated 1614, a year in which, Parliament having failed to pass a tax bill, the government was pressing the gentlemen of every county for a benevolence—a free offering. The observations are from a gentleman with a considerable estate in Northamptonshire. They are addressed to the Earl of Exeter, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and therefore the semi-official link between the county and the court. And they are headed, "Reasons to satisfy some that think Northamptonshire a rich county and *underrated in subsidies and other charges* . . . (italics mine)." In courts of law, such testimony from such a source is usually described as self-serving.

Moreover, the notion that one's own time is a brazen time in contrast to some good old golden age is common enough in every era. Among the tropes appropriate for lamenting these dissolute latter days is the one that goes, "Nowadays, alas, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer," and the other one that goes, "Nowadays, alas, the rich get poorer and the poor get richer." Since in most ages both processes described in the tropes are likely to be under way at once, a resolute Cassandra can draw double sustenance for her misery by passing insensibly from one to the other. And writing at a later date, the historian can find support for his thesis—whatever it may be—among contemporaries, because those

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contemporaries had dramatically before their eyes, and had generalised from, the same sort of *particular* instances that the later historian has patiently dug out and generalised from.

We may quickly dispose of the evidence that consists of individual instances, tales of the fortunes of families, told by Tawney, Stone, and Trevor-Roper to illustrate the destinies of the classes to which those families belonged. In gross they constitute a magnificent but, I fear, misplaced deployment of erudition. For although, as each combatant has alleged of the other, some of the individual instances cited by both sides may be off the mark, some of the illustrations of both sides are no doubt right on the mark. They are indeed *particular* instances of what the writer who offers them takes to be crucial *general* processes. If the individual instances sufficed to prove the general process, *both* Professor Tawney and Professor Trevor-Roper would have the better of the argument and the conclusions of *both* as to the nature of the general trend of social change in 17th-century England would be validated. Since their conclusions are diametrically opposed, however, this is impossible.

Why individual cases can *illustrate* but cannot *demonstrate* either thesis is quite clear. The individual cases cited on both sides were in fact inherent in the structure of English society and polity in the period under consideration—and before and after. Surely, at any time a hundred and fifty years either way of 1600, *some* landed families, both noble and gentle, because of recklessness, extravagance, or failure to adjust to economic changes, had to sell land; some landed families, both noble and gentle, through good management and good marriages, were able to buy land; *some* families that owed a large increase in their fortunes to trade, or the practice of law, or office, or royal favour were purchasing estates or adding to their land-holdings. All these things were happening between 1540 and 1640 too. That they were happening is all that the particular instances set forth by Tawney, Stone, and Trevor-Roper demonstrate, and all they can demonstrate. In such circumstances, the significance of the individual instance for both theories depends on the validity of the general argument, not the other way about. So we "will have grounds more relative than this."

III

PROFESSOR Tawney provides such grounds in the form of statistics. His statistics are of two kinds: (1) casual statistics off-handedly dropped to lend artistic verisimilitude to large and bald assertions; (2) systematic statistics intended to provide a quantitative foundation for the general hypothesis that he is propounding. We shall consider Professor Tawney's use of both kinds of statistics in turn.

Professor Tawney has not always been aware of the pitfalls that some of his casual statistics conceal, and consequently he has not always alerted his readers to the dangers. For example, in one of his most striking passages he writes of those "splendid spendthrifts," the Royalist nobles:

> *"When, in 1642, all went into the melting-pot, the debts owed to the City by Royalists alone were put, in a financial memorandum, at not less than £2,000,000. Of the commercial magnates, who, a few years later scrambled for confiscated estates, not a few, as Dr. Chesney has shown, were creditors entering on properties long mortgaged to them. It was discovered, not for the last time, that as a method of foreclosure war was cheaper than litigation."*

The estimate of Royalist indebtedness that Professor Tawney cites may or may not have been an accurate one. The danger in the statistic has nothing at all to do with the *accuracy* of the estimate. It lies in the *verisimilitude* which the estimate lends to the notion that the finances of the Royalist (and therefore, in Tawneyese, feudal) aristocrats were in a very bad way by 1640—such a bad way that, for those aristocrats, the Civil War was scarcely more than a violent, but in any case inevitable, economic demise after a painful and lingering financial illness. But how precarious were the finances of landowning Royalists by the 1640's?

When we learn that fifty Royalists, whose confiscated estates in eight south-eastern counties the Commonwealth and Protectorate sold after 1650, were in debt to the tune of £140,000, the supposed £2,000,000 that Royalists owed in London seems plausible enough, and the notion of a general foreclosure on the Royalist aristocracy seems not far-fetched. But, alas, it then turns out that fully four-fifths of the total debts of our fifty Royalist landowners were owed by just one man, the Earl of Cleveland. That truly "splendid spendthrift" was foreclosed right enough, properly sold up. His fate suggests two reflections. First, unless the security for his borrowings was remarkably good, we might want to withhold just one tear from the noble bankrupt in order to shed it over his bourgeois creditors. Second, a few such colossi of prodigality as the Earl of Cleveland would account for the whole of Royalist indebtedness in London and leave the rest of the cavaliers an astoundingly solvent lot. And when one considers that the average indebtedness of the forty-nine Royalist landlords who were *not* the Earl of Cleveland was a mere £570 apiece, such a conclusion would seem plausible.

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Nevertheless, not all the Royalists repurchased their estates. Only one-third of the confiscated parcels sold in eight south-eastern counties were bought back by their former owners—34 out of 100. But when we break these figures down, we get an interesting slant on Professor Tawney's theory that the Revolution achieved the final liquidation of an unthrifty nobility and registered the triumph of the rising gentry. We omit the Earl of Craven, who thought he knew a cheaper way than buying it to get his land back. The rest of *the peers* in this group were the former owners of 24 confiscated properties. In 1656 the same peers were once more the owners of *23 out of the 24 properties*. In this particular aspect of the process, the "foreclosure" of the "aristocracy" by civil war involved the loss of one life interest in a farm.

When we take away the properties of the peers from the total of confiscated Royalist properties in eight south-eastern counties, another curious fact emerges. Of the remaining properties, only fifteen per cent. appear to have been repurchased by their former owners. Unless we assume what does not seem too probable, that those owners did not want to buy their property back, then it seems likely that most of them for lack of cash and lack of credit could not buy it back. Now these impecunious owners were rural landlords, lesser gentry; and it begins to look as if these out-at-the-pocket Royalist gentlemen constitute a sort of subversive fifth column of declining gentry sneaked by Professor Trevor-Roper into the south-east, the home territory of Professor Tawney's rising gentry. Except, of course, that it would seem according to Trevor-Roper's theory that, of all the mere gentry, the mere gentry of the Puritan south-east should have come up Independent, not Royalist at all.

THE systematic statistics that Professor Tawney uses to support his general hypothesis concerning the rise of the gentry are provided by the counting of manors, 2,547 manors in 6⅓ counties. The count shows that the noble families which held a little more than 13 per cent. of those manors in 1560 held a bare 6 per cent. in 1640. The count also shows that the gentry, which in 1560 owned but two-thirds of the manors, eighty years later owned four-fifths of them.

Furthermore, the statistics indicate that in 1560 almost a quarter of the counted manors had belonged to men who each held ten or more of them, 57 per cent. to men who held four manors or less. Whereas in 1640, less than one-sixth of the manors belonged to men who held ten or more of them, while men who held four or less owned 64 per cent. of the manors involved.

The tendency of these statistics is evident. While the gentry increased its holdings a substantial 16 per cent. in eighty years, the aristocracy lost a whopping 54 per cent. This presumably demonstrates with firm figures that while the aristocracy was suffering an abrupt economic decline, the gentry enjoyed a steady economic rise. This first set of statistics lays bare the facts; the second set points to the cause. While the holders of large estates dropped a full third of their manors between 1560 and 1640, the holders of small estates won a solid increment of 15 per cent. This presumably demonstrates that the semi-feudal aristocratic rentiers with their vast ill-managed estates were too genially chuckle-headed or too thriftless to adjust their ways of land management and living to an increasingly commercialised economy. Therefore they were losing their landed property to middling and small owners, landed capitalist entrepreneurs, who ruthlessly applied business methods to the improvement and extension of their lesser holdings. If these statistics will bear analysis, we may write Q.E.D. under Professor Tawney's argument, and close the book on the controversy over the gentry.

But the statistics will not bear analysis. For (1) they have embedded in them a number of serious biases; (2) manors—the units of counting—are anything but homogeneous; and (3) the contrast between aristocracy and gentry that the statistics are supposed to reveal involves an arbitrary and largely false taxonomic assumption.

First, let us look at the statistical evidence that is supposed to demonstrate the superior economic strategy of the small gentry. The basis of this evidence is a count of the manors held by men owning no more than four manors in 6⅓ counties. If all such men held no manors at all anywhere else, the inference drawn from this evidence might be of some interest. But 17th-century English landlords did not conform their holdings to the statistical convenience of 20th-century economic historians. A very considerable number of gentlemen with no more than four manors in the 6⅓ sample counties owned manors in the remaining 33⅔ counties of England, in Wales and in Ireland. Some of them, far from being small landowners, were very large landowners indeed. And of course any assertion about the total number of manors held by small landowners becomes meaningless when we actually have no notion how many of the landowners so classified really were small.

Professor Tawney's estimate of a very heavy loss of manors by large landlords is open to a somewhat different criticism. The trouble in this instance is that one of the aristocratic large holders included in Professor Tawney's statistics was too aristocratic and too large. He was the King. Between 1540 and 1640 the Crown divested

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itself of vast chunks of land; this is one fact that Professor Tawney has established beyond all doubt. In his 6⅓ county sample, the Crown holding of nearly 250 manors in 1561 dwindled to about 50 manors in 1640. *This whole loss Professor Tawney appears to have debited to the holders of ten or more manors.* When we remove the crown lands from consideration, the loss of the large holders, men who owned ten or more manors in the sample counties, drops from the 33 per cent. that led Professor Tawney to consign them to bankruptcy, to 1/2 of 1 per cent., hardly a presage of impending economic catastrophe.

What then does account for the losses of the nobility and the gains of the gentry that Professor Tawney's other set of statistics seems to reveal? For one thing the "nobility" held fewer manors in 1640 than in 1560, because there were fewer "nobles" in 1640 than in 1560. For in his computations Professor Tawney classifies as noble only men who held peerages in 1560 and the inheritors of those peerages. But by 1640 one third of such peerages were extinct, and extinct peers hold no manors at all. So some part of the loss of manors by the nobility, which Professor Tawney ascribes to economic causes, is due to normal demographic attrition. Another part is due to circumstances unique to the peculiar status of the peerage. Some of the land of peerage families goes to pay for the marriage settlements of daughters; some goes to provide for younger sons. When a peer dies without a son, the *peerage* usually passes to his male heir, if there is one, but much of his *estate* may be divided among his heirs general. In the eight decades between 1560 and 1640 all these circumstances took their toll of the manors held by the successors in title to the men who were peers in 1560, and Professor Tawney's statistics register that toll.

Now, dying without a son to inherit the family estate and making provision for daughters and younger sons out of such an estate are not among the special privileges of the peerage. They are the sorts of things that happen to many an English gentleman, and they must have happened to the families of many who were gentlemen in 1560, extinguishing those families or wearing down their holdings. But such losses scarcely ever show in Tawney's statistics as a loss to the gentry. They cannot show because *anyone but the inheritor of a peerage of 1560 who acquires the lost manors of the gentry is classified, merely in virtue of his acquisition, as gentry.* Professor Trevor-Roper rightly points out that while the group which Professor Tawney has classified as the aristocracy

"consists of a diminishing group of those families who happened to be noble at the beginning and still noble at the end of the period, his gentry consists both of the gentry who remained gentry throughout the period, and of those men who began as gentry and ended as peers, and of those who began as merchants, yeomen, or anything else, and ended as gentry. No wonder the gentry, thus calculated, appears to 'rise' at the expense of the peerage."

A HYPOTHETICAL biography of a grandson of a peer of 1560 may make clearer how Professor Tawney's statistics work. In this case our subject is a *younger* son, and his father generously settles five manors on him. Then the king ennobles him; he is now a peer. He marries the rich sole survivor of another noble family of 1560, who brings him twenty-five manors held in 1560 by the head of her family. In Professor Tawney's statistics all the thirty manors our man now holds will appear as a *debit* against the nobility, a *credit* to the gentry. Then gradually our man buys up twenty manors of needy squires. In Professor Tawney's table—where our man is classified as gentry—*these purchases do not register at all since they are transfers within the gentry.* So in 1640 this descendant of a noble family of 1560, himself a noble, holds fifty manors, twenty of which he bought from poor gentlemen; and Professor Tawney's table will score the effect of such a career on the balance of property as follows: *noble losses—30 manors, gentry losses—0 manors; noble gains—0 manors,* gentry gains—*30 manors.**

At this point our confidence in Professor Tawney's method of counting manors may have shrunk somewhat. It may shrink further if we consider what a manor is. Economically, manors are not equivalent units like dollars or pounds or even bushels of wheat. They are incommensurate units of ownership like "blocks" of stock or the "properties" of present day real-estate parlance. There is a property, a 125 ft. × 40 ft. lot with a two-storey house on it, in darkest Queens in New York City: I own it. There is another property, a somewhat larger lot at 34th Street and 5th Avenue with the Empire State Building on it; someone else owns it. A statistical study of the trend in real-estate transactions in which these properties appeared as equivalent units might lead to conclusions a little askew. So may a study of the trend of real-estate trans-

* Since this paper was written it has been publicly read twice and also read by several individual scholars. The experience has taught me that the first reaction to the above example is to point out that my statement of the result of Professor Tawney's method of scoring must be in error. The answer is that my statement of the result is correct; it follows inescapably from Professor Tawney's way of counting, described in the preceding paragraph.

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actions from 1560 to 1640 where manors are taken as units.

Nor are we quite at the end of our difficulties. In quest of a new rising rural middle class and an old declining aristocratic class to contrast with one another, Professor Tawney hit upon the gentry for the former rôle, the lay peerage for the latter. Professor Tawney's scheme of classification, his identification of the peerage with the aristocracy and the gentry with the middle class, renders *all* his statistical findings irrelevant to the theory that they are intended to support. For whether rising or not, the gentry did not stand to the peerage in the relation of a middle class to an aristocracy. Economically, gentry and peerage were of the *same* class—the class that ordinarily drew the larger part of its income from the exploitation of proprietary rights in land. Although in theory peerage conferred on its possessor a status higher than that enjoyed by holders of any lesser honour, a peer of recent vintage and slender substance confronted by a many-acred gentleman of ancient lineage might discover that the theory was devoid of significant practical consequences. Time eroded too many ancient noble fortunes, the royal whim conferred peerages on too many persons of slight stature to allow of any precise equation of peerage with prestige. Neither a distinctive economic class nor a clear-cut prestige group, peerage was a legal status constituted as a consequence of the past favour of English monarchs. Collectively, but not individually, the peers were the first gentlemen of England in honour and wealth, clearly distinct from the rest neither in source of livelihood nor way of life. So Professor Tawney's numerical evidence is erected on an error in classification—a statistical mirage reared on a taxonomic illusion.

I can suggest no more fitting farewell to the peculiar terrain we have just traversed than that composed by Mr. J. P. Cooper whose guidance I have relied on almost all the way.

> "The counting of manors seems to have effects dangerously similar to the counting of sheep. It introduces us to a dream world in which, as in our own dreams, reality may not be entirely absent, but appearances are often deceptive."

IV

Instead of statistics, Trevor-Roper offers us a brief but brilliant sketch of his conception of the rôle of the "mere" or declining gentry in the politics and society of England from the age of Elizabeth to the Restoration. Now Trevor-Roper's declining gentry are no figment of his imagination. Grondeurs, frondeurs, Adullamites sulking in their remote rural lairs, always against the government, the chronic discontented second lieutenants of the county hierarchy, envying their betters, despising their inferiors, detesting both, ready for trouble if they can find it—as Trevor-Roper describes them they sound like men we have met before somewhere. And indeed we have. They had found their poet centuries ago in the Provençal troubadour Bertrand de Born. As *Raubritter* in Germany they had received the demolition that their passion for violence so well earned them when Franz von Sickingen's gang got blown out of the Landstuhl in 1523; and they had recently had joined to them their most distinguished English member, Sir John Falstaff. Surely we would find them among the barons in revolt before Runymede and among the knights-bachelor that de Montfort led to disaster at Evesham. Surely, later, we would find them in the October Club and in the unruly gang of ultra-Tories that followed Lord Eldon out of preference and the Iron Duke out of awe and respect.

That this perdurable and undistinguished group was at large in England between 1540 and 1660 is evident. That its numbers may have been somewhat augmented and its collective temper somewhat exacerbated by the combined operations of adverse economic circumstances and Stuart indifference to its plight is quite probable. That various mere gentlemen had a hand in every attempted *coup d'état* from the rebellion of the Earl of Essex to the march of the New Model Army on London, Trevor-Roper has demonstrated beyond doubt. That after some of the mere gentry had stumbled towards power during the interregnum and staggered from ineptitude to ineptitude under the burden of responsibility, a few of them sought consolation in the pseudo-realistic Utopia of Harrington, is quite likely. So far, what Trevor-Roper has to say seems most plausible. But rather often he goes beyond these plausibilities to broad though somewhat vague assertions. There are, he seems to indicate, really only two kinds of gentry—the fat court gentry and the depressed country gentry. The Great Rebellion thus becomes "the rising of the poor country gentry against the office-holders." The Independents, who are mere gentry, convert the crisis of 1640 "from a series of political manœuvres into civil war and social revolution." It is they "who more than any others made the Great Rebellion."

At this point the scope of Trevor-Roper's generalising brings one to an abrupt halt; for it certainly goes beyond the evidence. In the first place most of the Independents were *not* gentry, either rising or declining. And however well the policy of the Independents may have mirrored their psyche, most of the declining gentry were *not* Independents. The gentry of the North and West, regions that provided such superior facili-

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ties for going to pot on a stagnant rent roll, seem to have been predominantly Royalist. Moreover, a considerable number of the squires who sat in the Long Parliament, both Royalists and Roundheads, were in quite comfortable circumstances. They were neither overstuffed court gentry, nor bankrupt mere gentry, but substantial, fully solvent country gentry. Dividing the English landlords of the century before the Great Rebellion between rising court and declining country gentry is a little like dividing the participants in the French Revolution between aristocrats and *enragés*: it leaves out an awful lot of important people and makes it unduly hard to explain what actually happened.

V

THIS omission, neglect, or minimisation of the rôle of one segment—the same segment—of the landed class is one of the few elements that the hypotheses of our two historians have in common. The hypnotic fascination that the rising lesser landholders have for Professor Tawney, the declining lesser landholders and the court folk for Professor Trevor-Roper, has prevented both writers from paying much attention to that third group of English landlords. Unlike Tawney's owners of small-to-middling estates, these men of the third group have large, often very large, holdings. Unlike Trevor-Roper's rising court gentry, they draw a very great part of their incomes from land; and while—one, two, or three generations back—the fortunes some of them enjoy were built up through court favour, by 1640 the current possessors of those fortunes are under no present obligation to the current court and receive little of its patronage. The logic of the arguments of both Tawney and Trevor-Roper puts this group of landlords in a bad way by 1640. Professor Tawney appears to believe that the conservatism of such landlords in the turbulence created by the Price Revolution doomed them to disaster both economic and political. Trevor-Roper suggests that at the very least they faced creeping economic malnutrition consequent on inadequate access to royal bounty and courtly graft.* Denying themselves the bonanza of demesne farming, denied by the Crown the sustenance of court favour, these country magnates seem to have got themselves the worst of both worlds—Tawney's and Trevor-Roper's. As we shall see, this depressing picture well comports with the divergent general conceptions of the historical process into which each of our 20th-century historians seeks to fit the realities of the 17th century. How well does the picture comport with the realities themselves?

The evidence available for answering this question is not all that one might wish. There are, however, some clues. Recent investigation seems to show that, without the benefit of either demesne farming or court favour, from the 1580's on, the large landlords may have been doing very well for themselves indeed. Around the 1580's the land market began to boom, and it seems to have continued to boom for the next half century. In those roaring days the annual rental on some estates climbed to a third of what those estates had sold for a few decades earlier. Income from new takings doubled, quadrupled, sometimes went up eight-fold. Landlords who had earlier gone into debt to hold their estates now reaped a golden harvest. So did those who had sold outlying manors to concentrate their holdings into manageable blocks and to pay the costs of "improving" their principal estates, that is, of renegotiating the terms of tenancy on them. The landed magnate rich enough and prudent enough to pay the high overhead costs of old-fashioned, tight-reined estate management now had his reward. This reward was not within the reach of smaller men who could not afford the expensive personnel that such management demanded. In this period of rising land values the more industrious and alert among the lesser gentry most likely enjoyed those small gains that were commensurate with their small holdings. But on the whole, a general increase in land values is likely to be most profitable in gross to the men who have most land to profit from—that is, to the very segment of the landed class which both Tawney and Trevor-Roper have consigned to economic debility. The neglect or misplacement of this segment by both writers leaves an unfortunate gap in their respective reconstructions of the socio-economic configuration of the English countryside between 1540 and 1660.

It leaves a political gap even more unfortunate. For these large landholders were men who provided the realm with the more important part of

* After an elaborate portrayal in the grimmest hues of the economic horrors suffered by men who relied for their income on land rather than the court, Trevor-Roper rather grudgingly acknowledges that "the improving gentry survived... weathered the economic storm," and by the 17th century "were once again prosperous as before. Sometimes they were perhaps even more prosperous." Yet these improving landlords play not even a minor rôle in Trevor-Roper's account of the revolution of the 17th century and of the events that precipitated that revolution. Having belatedly spared them from economic damnation he promptly consigns them to political oblivion. "They were the solid substance of rural society, its soundest members, and, because sound, generally unobtrusive."

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that "self-government at the king's command" which one writer considers the most significant distinguishing trait of the English polity. They were the deputy lieutenants. They were the sheriffs. They were the justices of the peace. They were the commissioners in the counties to look into the myriad of things that the Tudors and early Stuarts thought needed looking into, and the commissioners to do in the counties the myriad of things that the Tudors and early Stuarts thought needed to be done. Such charges did not fall in the main to "mere" gentry, out of sorts, out at the pocket, down at the heels. And although rising courtiers, rich in land, might appear on the rolls in the commission of the peace, and on other local commissions, they could not afford to give much time to country matters; rising at court required above all a man's regular presence at court. It was to the local magnates, "men of port and worship" in their neighbourhood, that the pains and the prestige of local authority fell. And from before the accession of Elizabeth I it was these same men who came to Parliament from the counties and the boroughs to make up the larger part of the membership of the House of Commons. This majority of local magnates seems to have increased right up to 1640, so that in the House of Commons of the Long Parliament all other groups appear as auxiliaries—mere Balearic slingers and Nubian cavalry—to the close-packed legions of the rich, much-landed gentry.

THE close relation between the rich country gentry and the lower house of Parliament may help explain a rather puzzling feature common to Tawney's and Trevor-Roper's account of the century before 1640. This is their well-nigh sphinx-like silence with respect to the rôle of the House of Commons during that century. Such a silence is inevitably somewhat perplexing and perturbing to historians who, having approached the era from the constitutional side, have learned to think of the doings in the House of Commons as matters of some consequence in the days of the Stuarts. Yet the silence is natural enough. For whether the lesser landlords were rising with Tawney or declining with Trevor-Roper, they cut but a small figure in the affairs of Parliament before the Great Rebellion; and to Trevor-Roper's rising court gentry in the days of the early Stuarts, the House was not a home. The men our two writers have selected as protagonists simply did not occupy what historians have long deemed the centre of the stage in the political drama of the epoch.

Not only does the personnel of the early Stuart House of Commons fall outside the orbit in which Professors Tawney and Trevor-Roper ordinarily move; its political behaviour does not reflect what they—and, I fear, a great many others—believe the purposes and aims of a powerful politico-social group must be. In short, from the accession of Elizabeth I to the summoning of the Long Parliament, the rich country gentlemen who fill the House of Commons make no consistent or concerted effort to win permanent control and direction of the government. They do not claim or seek for the House of Commons a sovereign power over the King. They do not even claim that the King-in-Parliament is always supreme over the King-out-of-Parliament. Their whole line of conduct is sure to be confusing to the point of unintelligibility to those who approach it with a simplicist conception of politics in mind. Tawney's picture of a power-hungry rural middle class moving inexorably towards domination over the ruins of a feudalism that the middle class itself destroyed seems peculiarly irrelevant to many of the utterances and actions of the rich country gentry in the Parliaments of the early Stuarts. To the members of the House of Commons in those days "power" was a dirty word. So much was this so, that in matters in which to us the issue of power seems to have been unmistakably and inescapably posed, in matters, too, in which they had the country strongly on their side, the Commons persistently encumbered their action by intricate arguments and manœuvres to transform issues of present power into claims of ancient and traditional right. They did this despite the fact that making a case in law often presented well-nigh insuperable difficulties. They neither talked nor acted like would-be rulers of the realm. Trevor-Roper's presentation of the House as the politically befuddled and obtuse head of a route of angry, hard-pressed yokels is not very convincing either. For the leaders of the early Stuart Parliaments were an unusually well-educated group of men; and it is hard to believe that the members who so neatly, quickly, and effectively won the initiative in Parliament from the King were a gang of inept political Calibans.

To construct an adequate account of the varied political attitudes and aims of the rich country gentlemen who crowded into the Parliaments of the first Elizabeth, James, and Charles is beyond the scope and purpose of this paper and beyond the ability of its author. It may be worth while, however, to make a few obvious points in the hope of clearing away some of the more persistent obstacles to such an account. In the first place it is *not* true that a political or social group occupying a strategic position in the power structure will necessarily and always use that position to seek supreme political power for itself. Such a group may instead seek to define certain terms and conditions within which the

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existing supreme authority shall be exercised. In the second place it is *not* true that all the purposes and interests which such a group tries to protect and advance are necessarily and always peculiar to that group. Some of those purposes and interests it may share jointly with other segments of the society; some, indeed, may be interests common to all the ruled as against the supreme ruling power. The way of wisdom, therefore, may not always be to seek for a particular interest behind every action of a powerful group nor to concentrate one's attention entirely on those actions in which the particular interest of the group is clearly evident.

These strictures are readily applicable to the House of Commons in the early 17th century. If we do not confine our attention to the affairs in which the rich country gentry of the day had an obvious particular interest—for example, wardships, purveyance, distraint of knighthood, enclosure, breach of forest law, concealed lands —we may note that the House of Commons was also concerned with such matters of joint and common interest to many Englishmen as the independence of the judiciary, the survival of representative institutions, freedom from arbitrary arrest, defence against arbitrary exactions by the state, and preservation of the rule of law. If we incline to regard the latter common interests as of greater consequence than the former particular ones, we may fortify our conviction from the record of the 17th-century House of Commons: for on the face of that record, it is clear enough that the rich country gentry who dominated the House of Commons shared our conviction. The duration and intensity of their discussion of issues of common concern considerably exceed the time and effort they devoted to dealing with their particular group interest.

Finally, if we do not insist that the 17th-century House of Commons aimed at supreme power, we can spare ourselves explaining away the inordinate amount of backing and filling the House engaged in when it found itself confronted with the problem of power. We hardly need be surprised that the House showed itself indecisive and uncertain in the face of the question of the nature and locus of supreme authority in the realm, for that, after all, is the toughest of all problems of power. But the same rich country gentlemen who did not know exactly what they wanted for themselves in the way of power knew very well what they did not want for the King in the way of power, and throughout the 17th century they showed remarkable skill both in country charges and in the House of Commons in seeing to it that the King did not get what they did not want him to have. In this respect there is no obscurity or confusion whatever in the course pursued by the rich country gentry from the accession of James I to the accession of William III. From the Apology of the Commons in 1604 to the Declaration of Right in 1688 their line of action is consistent, clear, and effective. And the latter document is not an assertion of the social supremacy of the middle-class gentry or of the political supremacy of the House of Commons. It is precisely what on the face of it it appears to be: a charter of liberties of free Englishmen in the right line of Magna Carta, the Confirmatio Cartarum, and the Petition of Right. The author cannot help being aware that to give such words utterance is to invite the allegation that he is a fautor of the currently odious and heretical Whig interpretation of history. To any cries of "Whig! Whig!" that his remarks may elicit he can only reply, adapting a famous riposte of a fellow-countryman, "if this be Whiggery, make the most of it."

VI

SUPPOSING the analysis, presented above, of the data put in evidence by Tawney and Trevor-Roper to be well-founded, what then is the present standing of the controversy over the gentry? With respect to Trevor-Roper's part in it, in fairness we need to add a little to what we have previously had to say. We have hitherto been more concerned to criticise what appear to be errors than to render due praise to merit. Yet in Trevor-Roper's studies there is substantial merit to praise.

(1) A very considerable part of Trevor-Roper's contribution to the controversy has taken the form of an all-out assault on the interpretive structures reared by Professor Tawney and Mr. Stone. Up to now we have paid little of the tribute due to his magnificent if terrifying work of destruction. Professor Tawney has indicated his feeling that Trevor-Roper's way of dealing with those with whom he disagrees is somewhat *fortiter in modo*. Setting aside any impulse to propose rules to govern the amenities of intellectual strife and postponing the summing-up on Trevor-Roper's own theories, in an academic generation a little over-addicted to *politesse* it may be worth saying that violent destruction is not necessarily of itself worthless and futile. Even though it leaves doubts about the right road for London, it helps if someone rips up, however violently, a "To London" sign on the Dover cliffs pointing south.

(2) In insisting on the court-against-country element in the crisis of the 17th century and in giving substantial content to the otherwise evanescent conception of "Court," Trevor-Roper has performed a service of inestimable benefit to historians of the period. For in the crisis of the 17th century the court in conflict with the

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country was certainly one of the vital spots, and of all the vital spots the one whose morphology and physiology has been least studied and least understood. When treated at all, the court has usually been relegated to the status of a secondary and derivative phenomenon, a mere adjunct to class conflict which it is presumed to reflect. Trevor-Roper treats the court—as it should be treated—as primary, one of the irreducible elements of the crisis of the age. This is pioneering, and important pioneering, too. Like most pioneers, Trevor-Roper may have made mistakes here and there; that is the price that a breaker of new ground must always pay for his venturesomeness. But a minor error or two will scarcely diminish the solid value of Professor Trevor-Roper's treatment of the court as an effective historical entity.

(3) For the rest of Professor Trevor-Roper's interpretation of the crisis of the 17th century we may take our stand on the grounds afforded by our previous criticism of his argument. He has provided us with a study of a social group, the declining gentry, that historians of the period from 1540 to 1660 have hitherto neglected. He has discovered some of the forces that may have moulded the outlook of that group and has related the political conduct of some of the declining gentry to the outlook he ascribes to them. A trifle exalted perhaps by his discovery, he has claimed for the declining gentry of the 17th century a somewhat larger historical rôle than a calmer and fuller analysis is likely to attribute to them—a sin, possibly, but a venial one. Historians who for decades have been blandly and blindly overvaluing the rôle of the middle class during six centuries of Western history might properly hesitate to cast the first stone. At any rate, there is little danger that Trevor-Roper's more exorbitant claims will achieve orthodox status. The danger is rather that, attracted to the pleasant and easy work of deflating his claims, we may not notice that when that work is done there remains much solid substance to many of his contentions.

It is otherwise with the theory espoused by Professor Tawney and Mr. Stone. Mr. Stone has recently written:

> "It is now something of a commonplace that the collapse of the *ancien régime* in 1640 was an event that must be related to a shift in the social balance, the transfer of a section of the national income away from the Crown, some of the Peerage, and the Episcopacy to the middle class of gentry, officials, and lawyers that took place in the preceding century."

It does indeed seem that the hypothesis of Professor Tawney and Mr. Stone is on the verge of enshrinement in the pantheon of historical commonplaces. What else can be said for it? Only that it is an interesting theory, that the evidence thus far adduced in its support is unconvincing, and that the data underlying that evidence is in large part misleading, ambiguous, irrelevant, or merely erroneous.

VII

When historians as able as Professor Tawney and Professor Trevor-Roper pile on their evidence a burden of hypothesis heavier than that evidence can sustain, we may suspect that their judgment has been clouded by over-addiction to some general conception of the historical process. Professor Tawney is sufficiently explicit about the incentive for his fascinating redrafting of the historical picture of the gentry and for his singular view of their social orientation. In the manner of which he is a master he has made it easier to swallow his sharp-edged conclusion by encapsulating it within a suave and disarming apology:

> "To speak of the transition from a feudal to a bourgeois society is to decline upon a cliché. But a process difficult to epitomise in less hackneyed terms has left deep marks on the social systems of most parts of Europe. What a contemporary described in 1600 as the conversion of 'a gentry addicted to war' into 'good husbands' who 'know as well how to improve their lands to the uttermost as the farmer or countryman,' may reasonably be regarded as an insular species of the same genus."

The English gentry, that is to say, must be transfigured into the bourgeoisie to maintain the view that the rise of the bourgeoisie is the indispensable framework for almost a millenium of history. The necessity becomes the more pressing if one is committed to the belief that socially the Reformation was a bourgeois revolution. For then, between the bourgeois revolution of the 16th century and the bourgeois revolution that broke out at the end of the 18th century in France, the English Revolution of the 17th century is egregiously out of line unless it, too, is bourgeois. But from the beginning of that revolution to the end, the men with decisive power were landed folk not city folk, not *bourgeoisie* in the inconvenient etymological meaning of the term. Surely then the most expeditious means of bringing the English Revolution into line with the other revolutions is to re-christen the 17th-century gentry and call them henceforth *bourgeoisie*, on the ground that that was their right name all along. Professor Tawney not only re-baptises the gentry, he re-characterises them. Those who recall the magnificent and ambivalent sketch that Marx draws of his hero-villains, the *bourgeoisie*, in the Communist Manifesto, will hardly fail to recognise the lineaments of his old acquaintances in Tawney's

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description of "the agricultural capitalists... who were making the pace, and to whom the future belonged," the rising gentry revolutionising the relations of production in the countryside in their ruthless single-minded drive to appropriate the surplus value of England's largest industry. Recently Professor Tawney has had some second thoughts on the free-wheeling use of such terms as aristocracy, gentry, merchant, and especially middle class. With the humility that is part of his greatness he has acknowledged the occasional peculiarities in his own use of those words. And yet one may suspect that it was not a technical problem of nomenclature that stirred the storm over the gentry; that at the eye of the storm there is an issue not of names but of substance, and that the issue is that of the dynamic of social change, the framework of social history.

The general conception that dominates Trevor-Roper's studies also finds the source of human action in the circumambient economic configuration. But for him the motor of history is not the great impersonal secular movements of economic change; it is simpler than that. Groups of men in similar market situations are driven to common action and a common outlook by the similar way in which the same events impinge on their identical economic interests. This is a kind of economic determinism; but it is the motives of groups, not—as in Professor Tawney's case—the pattern of history, that are economically determined. The rising court gentry act the way they do because they have got their snouts into the rich swill box of court favour and intend to keep them there. The declining country gentry join conspiracies, become Puritans, and disport themselves in other unseemly and disruptive ways because they cannot muscle their way to the trough. The great crisis of the 17th century is the consequence of a certain lack of empathy between the little piggies that went to court and had roast beef and the little piggies that stayed home and had none.

On a slightly broader view, Trevor-Roper's protagonists and antagonists, his court Rosencranzes and Guildensterns, his country Shallows and Silences, do not seem quite of a stature to bear the historical burden he imposes upon them. Perhaps that is why he pares down the burden, reducing that fairly magnificent upheaval, the Puritan Revolution, to the dimensions of a foolish farce that could conceivably have been brought off by the lowgrade louts and sharpers who people his stage. In the squalid setting of this farce there is not enough room for William Chillingworth or Richard Baxter, for Edward Coke or Francis Bacon, for Thomas Wentworth or Oliver Cromwell, for John Selden, or John Lilburne, or John Hampden, or John Pym, or John Milton. In such a setting, men of such stature and many others like them would poke their heads right up through the ceiling; for with all their limitations they were men who stood high enough to see a little beyond the deedbox and the dinner table. Somehow, without these men I find the age of the Puritan Revolution a little dull. What is worse, without some understanding of what such men stood for in their own minds and in the eyes of others, I find that age not very intelligible.

VIII

We are still left with the problem that started Tawney on his quest. The problem may be defined in the following fashion. In medieval England, leadership of the "country" opposition to the policies of the Crown had always rested in the hands of the great lords, the territorial magnates. Throughout the decades of growing estrangement from royal policy that preceded the Great Rebellion, however, it was not the great lords who organised and directed the "country" opposition. In this crucial period of English history the burden of leading that opposition was borne mainly by a cluster of prosperous country gentlemen and successful common lawyers who sat in the House of Commons. Why at this particular historical juncture did the "country" find its leadership in social strata beneath the top? Why among the gentry rather than among the nobility? Why instead of hearing of the Earl of This and Baron That do we mostly hear of Sir Edward Coke and Sir Thomas Wentworth and Sir John Eliot, of Edward Dering and Edward Hyde, of John Hampden and John Pym, of the Five Knights and the Five Members?

Cleared of subsequent and extraneous complications, this is the problem that Tawney faced. In the sense set forth in the preceding paragraph, the rise of the gentry is not a hypothesis to be verified; it is a simple fact, a fact that requires explanation.

When Professor Tawney sought to explain the fact of the rise of the gentry, he assumed that the solution to his problem must be sought in some transformation in the *economic* situation of the gentry on one hand, of the great magnates on the other—in the economic rise of the gentry, the economic decline of the "aristocracy." We have learned to look with some reservations on the evidence which Tawney adduced in support of his solution to the problem of the gentry. But the reservations are directed towards the *solution*, not towards the *problem*. The problem remains—real enough and challenging enough. And we cannot turn to Trevor-Roper for a solution. For him the problem does not exist.

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He divides effective activity, before the outbreak of the Civil War, between Royalist aristocrats who are "in," and "Presbyterian" aristocrats who are "out," leaving the mere gentry who, like Huck Finn's father, are just "agin the guv'ment," in a posture of ineffectual intransigeance. This procedure really involves turning one's back on the problem and acting as if it were not there.

If we reject Professor Tawney's own solution of the problem that lay at the beginning of his quest, do we have any clue as to the direction in which we might seek a solution? We do have such a clue, I believe; and oddly enough, Professor Tawney provides it. Among the quotations from contemporaries on which he relies—quotations which, it seems to me, do little to support his argument—there are several that point clearly to a line of enquiry that he disregards. First Sir Walter Raleigh:

"The lords in former times were far stronger, more warlike, better followed, living in their countries, than they now are. There were many earls could bring into the field a thousand barbed horses; whereas now very few of them can furnish twenty to serve the King.... The justices of peace in England have opposed the injustices of war in England; the King's writ runs over all; and the Great Seal of England, with that of the next constable's, will serve to affront the greatest lords in England, that shall move against the King. The force, therefore, by which our kings in former times were troubled, is vanished away. [In those troublous days] The lords had in their armouries to furnish some of them a thousand, some three thousand men, whereas now there are not many that can arm fifty."

Then Sir Francis Bacon:

"Touching the [powers of] command [of the magnates] which is not indeed so great as it hath been, I take it rather to be a commendation of the time, than otherwise: for men were wont factiously to depend upon noblemen, whereof ensued many partialities and divisions, besides much interruption of justice, while the great ones did seek to bear out those that did depend upon them. So as the kings of this realm, finding long since that kind of commandment in noblemen unsafe unto their crown, and inconvenient unto their people, thought meet to restrain the same by provision of laws; whereupon grew the statute of retainers; so as men now depend upon the prince and the laws, and upon no other."

Finally, John Selden:

"When men did let the lands underfoot [i.e., for less than their value], the tenants would fight for their landlords, so that they had their retribution; but now they will do nothing for them, nay, help the first, if but a constable bade them, that shall lay the landlord by the heels, and therefore 'tis vanity and folly not to take the full value."

Now these men seem to be saying much the same thing about the noble magnates; but what they are saying is not that the nobles are bankrupt, or even much poorer than they used to be. They are saying very emphatically that *the magnates do not directly control arms and men as they once did*, that the old relation between high status or great landed wealth and a great *military* following no longer subsists. On the face of it, these observations direct our attention not to the economy but to the organisation of armed forces. And if we follow their leading, we discover that in the century and a half between Henry VI and the death of Elizabeth there was indeed a transformation in the structure of England's military reserve. In the middle of the 15th century, the larger part of the battle-ready military reserve was made up of the retinues of the magnates. Besides the magnates' tenantry, lesser landlords bound themselves to the great men of the realm by "writing, oath, or promise"; in return they often received from their lord a sort of uniform, his livery, which they wore as a sign of their clientage. They also usually received a money fee which conjoined them to the lord's band of retained men, his retinue. Most fee'd retainers were bound to come at the call of their lord, prepared to fight under his command and in his quarrels. In return, besides fee and livery, the magnate gave his follower "goodlordship," which might mean anything from using his influence at court to gain for his retainer some office that the latter coveted, to overawing a jury that would otherwise take a strait-laced, provincial, and unsympathetic view of his retainer's propensity towards trespass or homicide.

At the end of the 16th century the bare form of the retaining system survived; but it was a mere shell, a feeble shadow of its former self. The squirearchy no longer rose in arms at the behest of the great lords, although for show they might ride about the country in some personage's train. In 1628 Parliament repealed almost every statute passed during the preceding two hundred and fifty years to regulate, control, or suppress the evil practices that flourished under the protection of the retaining system. In so doing Parliament did not aim, by giving it legal sanction, to reinvigorate a living institution but only to provide a decent and honourable interment for an institution long since dead.

With its cement of retaining fatally weakened, the whole framework of goodlordship, from which the 15th-century magnate derived his power, loosened up. To have the goodwill of the neighbouring great lord was no doubt still

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advantageous, but at no major peril lesser landlords could get along without it. Consequently the gentry of the Tudor period acted with greater independence than their predecessors in the days of Lancaster and York; and a plain Elizabethan country gentleman, not even a knight, could—and did—successfully press the election of his candidate to a county seat in the Commons against the efforts of a peer—who was also the Lord Chamberlain, a Privy Councillor, and Lord-Lieutenant of the county—to secure the seat for his own eldest son. Elizabeth further reduced the capacity of noble magnates to function as centres of "country" discontents by keeping most of the magnates who were of any account enmeshed in the transaction of her own and the realm's affairs. Nor must we forget that the only intransigent "country" opposition during the reign of Elizabeth came from Roman Catholics—poor and dangerous material out of which to construct a clientage, as the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland learned to their cost.

Edmund Burke once remarked that the function of great properties was to serve as a rampart for lesser properties. Whatever the value of this observation as a sociological generalisation, the natural tendency of the owners of lesser landed properties in England to gravitate into the political orbit of the greater landed proprietors is beyond doubt. But in the years of crisis in the early 17th century no serried arrays of gentle henchmen of noble houses took their political orders from the heads of those houses. Having lost their vocation for commanding retinues of armed squires, the magnates had not yet found their vocation for commanding solid phalanxes of borough members sitting in Parliament for the rotten and pocket boroughs that the magnates controlled. The result was a power vacuum in England during the very years when a concurrence of fiscal, constitutional, political, and religious grievances evoked widespread opposition to the Crown and made it necessary for that opposition to achieve some measure of coordinated action. Into the vacuum created by the temporary incapacity of the magnates poured the country gentry—not the brisk, hard-bitten, small gentry of Professor Tawney nor yet the mouldy, flea-bitten, mere gentry of Professor Trevor-Roper, but the rich, well-educated knights and squires who sat in the Parliaments of James I and Charles I. There they do not seem to have formed tight, well-knit "interests," as their successors a few decades later were to do. Rather, they—especially those among them who came back to one Parliament after another—formed inchoate groupings, loose "connections," occasionally joined but not, as far as I can judge, controlled by one or another opposition peer. It was in such invertebrate groupings that the rich gentry of England organised themselves to oppose the activities of the King in the most severe constitutional crisis in English history. It is not an accident that when at last the opposition rallied under one "overmighty subject," that subject for the first time in the annals of England was not a great territorial magnate but a substantial squire, a House of Commons man, John Pym.

IX

And now one final word before we emerge at last from the storm over the gentry. The two scholars whose combined but clashing efforts raised that storm have at least one thing in common. It is the main purpose of both Professor Tawney and Professor Trevor-Roper to show that the 17th-century revolution in Britain was due primarily to shifts in the personnel of the landowning classes and shifts in the dimensions of their estates, their incomes, and their economic prospects. That a revolution prepared by conflicts over Parliamentary privilege, royal prerogative, judicial independence, arbitrary arrest, power of taxation, and the rule of law in England, triggered by a religious upheaval in Scotland, and traversed by the complex lines of fission that separated Anglican from Puritan, courtier from country man, is primarily to be explained by the matters that have especially engaged their attention, neither Professor Tawney nor Professor Trevor-Roper has proved. And what such masters of the materials of 17th-century history and of historical forensics cannot prove when they set their minds to it, is not likely ever to be proved. Yet the destruction left in the wake of the storm over the gentry need not enduringly depress us. At least one amateur of 17th-century history observes the havoc with a sense of relief, even of emancipation. He takes faith and freedom rather seriously himself; and he has not felt that in so doing he is necessarily eccentric. He is inclined to think that a good many men in the mid-17th century took them pretty seriously too. For such a one, it is something of a relief to feel that the outcome of the storm over the gentry licenses him to turn part of his attention from rent rolls, estate accounts, and recognisances of debt to what a very great scholar calls *Liberty and Reformation in the Puritan Revolution*.

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George Seferis Salamis in Cyprus

(*Translated by Rex Warner*)

AT TIMES the sun of mid-day, at times the handfuls of light rain
and the beach is full of the fragments of ancient sherds.
The columns, unimportant. There is only Saint Epiphanios
dimly radiant of that absorbed might of the golden Empire.

The flesh and blood of the young, loved and loving, have passed here;
those beating hearts, rose-pink of shells, the light feet
fearlessly skimming the water,
and arms opened for the joining of desire.
Voice of the Lord upon many waters.
Here was the place of passing.

Then I heard footsteps upon the shingle.
I saw no faces. They had gone when I turned my head.
Still that voice heavy upon me like the treading of cattle
stayed in the pulses of the sky and in the sea's roll
over upon the shingle, again and again:

"The earth has no handles
for them to lift it on their shoulders and take it away.
They are not able, however thirsty,
to sweeten the salt sea with half a cup-full of water.
And those bodies of flesh and blood
formed and shaped from one soil of a land unknown to them
have souls within them.
Now they assemble tools to change these souls.
It will not be possible. They will only undo them,
if souls can be undone.
It does not take long for the corn to ripen
no time is needed
for the yeast of bitterness to rise,
no time is needed
for evil to raise its head,
and the sick mind drained empty,
no time is needed
for the filling of this with madness.
There is an island."

Friends of the other war,
on this desolate and cloudy shore of the sea
I call you to mind, as the day is turning—
who fell in the fighting, who fell long after the battle,
who saw the dawn rising through the mist of death,
or, in wild solitude below the stars,
felt glaring down on their skin the great dark eyes
of the absolute disaster;
and, once again, those who prayed
when the ships were being sawn by the burning steel

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"O Lord, help us to keep in mind
how this murder came about;
greed, dishonesty, selfishness,
the drying up of love.
Lord, help us to root out these things."

Now, among these pebbles, it is better to forget;
it does no good to speak
What the powerful have determined, who can change it?
And who can make himself heard?
Each has his dreams apart; inaudible to him the terrors
that vex the others' sleep.

True. But the messenger is on his way
and, however long his journey, he will bring
to those who tried to put fetters on the Hellespont
the fearful message that came from Salamis.
Voice of the Lord upon the waters.
There is an island.

John Wain Poem

Hippolytus. Do you see my plight, Queen, stricken as I am?
Artemis. I see. But my eyes are not permitted to shed tears.
Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 1395–6

Like a deaf man meshed in his endless silence
the earth goes swishing through the heavens' wideness.

Doubtless some god with benign enquiring brow
could lean over and let his brown eye so true

play over its whirling scabby hide with a look of searching
till suddenly, with eye and bland forefinger converging

he points to a specially found spot. *Here, this moment*
he might say, *I locate it; this is the locus of torment:*

This spot is the saddest on earth's entire crust.
A quaint fancy? Such gods can scarcely exist?

Still, the fact outlives the metaphor it breeds;
whether or not the god exists, the scored earth bleeds.

There must be a point where pain takes its worst hold.
One spot, somewhere, holds the worst grief in the world.

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Who would venture a guess as to where this grief lies cupped?
Ah, from minute to minute it could never be mapped.

For trouble flies between molecules like a dream.
It flowers from the snapped edge of bones like sour flame.

Who knows what child lies in a night like a mine-shaft
unblinking, his world like a fallen apple mashed and cleft?

Or what failed saint plummets into his private chasm
having bartered all Heaven for one stifling orgasm?

Or perhaps it is even an animal who suffers worst,
gentle furry bundle or two-headed obscene pest.

But where pain's purest drop burns deep no one could say,
unless it were this god with benign brown eye.

Some would curse this god for doing nothing to help.
But he has knowledge like cold water on his scalp.

To perceive that spirit of suffering in its raging purity
is to a god the burden of his divinity.

O then, if he exists, have pity on this god.
He is clamped to that wounded crust with its slime of blood.

He has no ignorance to hold him separate.
Everything is known to a god. The gods are desperate.

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Max Hayward

Pasternak's "Dr. Zhivago"

"My greatest wish, a quiet life"

BORIS PASTERNAK'S novel, *Dr. Zhivago*, was first mentioned in the Soviet press during the thaw after Stalin's death. For almost twenty years Pasternak, once a leading figure in the Russian literary world, had published practically nothing. Then in April, 1954, ten magnificent poems, described as "poems from the novel in prose, *Dr. Zhivago*," appeared in the magazine *Znamya* issued by the Soviet Union of Writers. In an introductory note, signed "The Author," Pasternak wrote:

> "The novel will probably be completed in the course of the summer. It covers the period from 1903 to 1929, with an epilogue relating to the Great War for the Fatherland.
>
> "The hero, Yu. A. Zhivago, a physician, a thinking man in search of truth, with a creative and artistic bent, dies in 1929. Among his papers written in younger days, a number of poems are found, which will be attached to the book as a final chapter. Some of them are reproduced here."

What happened in the two years between the summers of 1954 and 1956 remains shrouded in mystery. Soviet writers on visits abroad gave contradictory reports on whether and when Pasternak's novel would be finished. The author himself remained silent except for the occasional publication in Soviet periodicals of a solitary poem, or a critical article on translations from Shakespeare. During the minor freeze-up in the autumn of 1954, marked by the condemnation of Pomerantsev's article on "Sincerity in Literature" and the removal of the poet Tvardovsky from the editorship of the magazine *Novy Mir*, the poems published in *Znamya* were mildly criticised by Soviet critics as "lacking in vitality" and "failing to answer the call of the present day." Details of a literary intrigue are rarely ventilated in the pages of the Soviet press. We must therefore rely for our knowledge of the destiny of Pasternak's novel in that period on an official interview given to the Italian Communist paper, *L'Unitá* (22nd October, 1957) by the secretary of the Union of Writers of the U.S.S.R., a poet, a prominent literary bureaucrat, and a member of the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U., Alexeyi Surkov. Surkov, who, according to *L'Unitá*, at last gives us the true story of *Dr. Zhivago*, stated that Pasternak had sent the manuscript of his novel to one of the Soviet publishing houses. The "whole collective"—by which the firm's editorial board is probably meant—read it. They sent a private letter to Pasternak explaining the reasons for their disagreement with him. Surkov pointed out that he could not blame those who had read this book, as he had done himself, for believing that it put in doubt the validity of the October Revolution which is described as if it were the greatest crime in Russian history. According to Surkov, Pasternak seemed to agree with some of the criticism contained in the letter and spoke of his intention to revise the text. Surkov also stated that Pasternak had sent a telegram to his Italian publisher asking him to return the manuscript (which had been used for preparing an Italian translation) to Moscow for revision.

The important part of Surkov's statement lies in the information that the novel has been

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condemned by a group of writers, including Surkov himself, which explains why it has not yet appeared in the Soviet Union. What Surkov did not say in his interview with *L'Unitá* was that, at the same time as he presented his novel to the Union of Writers for publication, Pasternak had given the copyright for all translations into foreign languages to the publishing firm of Feltrinelli in Milan, who arranged for publication in English, French, and German as well as an Italian version. Feltrinelli is himself a rather prominent member of the Italian Communist Party. His representative visited Pasternak in the summer of 1956 and brought the manuscript to Italy. In the year that passed between the conclusion of the agreement between the author and his Italian publisher and Surkov's visit to Italy, there was plenty of time for a Russian edition to appear, perhaps even a revised one, and then of course the Italian publisher would have taken into consideration any revisions. As nothing of the kind happened, Feltrinelli decided to stick to his original agreement with the author and refused to stop the publication of the Italian translation. In a statement to the press he made it known that Surkov had visited him, accompanied by an official of the Italian Communist Party, and that the two used every means of persuasion, including Surkov's expressed concern for Pasternak's personal safety, and various kinds of threats to force Feltrinelli to alter his decision. Pressure was also applied to the other foreign publishers, and telegrams signed by Pasternak were received by them asking them to abandon publication. However, in a statement to foreign journalists made at his residence near Moscow in December, 1957, after the appearance of the Italian translation, Pasternak expressed no regret that the novel had appeared, and put the blame for "all this nonsense" on the Soviet literary authorities who could have avoided it by permitting publication in Russia.

THE situation is bedevilled by the fact of a personal rivalry between Surkov and Pasternak, of which Surkov makes no secret in his public statements. This may be seen in, for example, Surkov's attack on Pasternak in *Pravda* of 1st December, 1957, in which he condemns attempts to "canonise" Pasternak and other writers of similar outlook. However, Surkov must be keenly conscious of the opprobrium which would fall on him if he had to bear sole responsibility for the decision to suppress *Dr. Zhivago*. He was careful to get a unanimous decision from the board which sat in judgment over the novel. Recently, verses by him were published side by side with some of Pasternak's in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, probably an attempt to establish an alibi.

Nevertheless, it is hardly possible that the recent efforts to stop publication abroad could have been made only at the instigation of Surkov or other *littérateurs* who were moved by professional jealousy. Of course, such jealousies would be used by the Party in order to get the active support of Surkov and people like him for the effort to silence Pasternak. But the decision must have been taken at a higher level than the Union of Writers and from more general motives than literary jealousy.

The reason for the attitude of the Soviet authorities must therefore be sought in the first place in the contents of the novel itself and, in the second place, in the personality of the author. Surkov's argument that the novel was rejected because of an alleged slander on the October Revolution is not quite convincing. To begin with, there is no outright condemnation of the October Revolution as such in the novel, and the question whether the Revolution was a crime or not could never have been put by Pasternak. He does not think or speak in such categories. But even if—by implication—Pasternak's novel can be interpreted as an attack on the October Revolution, it does not follow that it would have been rejected outright for publication in the summer of 1956.

There was, at that time, a hint in the air of an open discussion of the fundamentals of the Communist creed. Those responsible for the publication of literary works were bold enough to allow Dudintsev's novel *Not by*

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Bread Alone to appear in the monthly journal *Novy Mir*, and the Moscow writers were preparing for the second issue of *Literaturnaya Moskva*, 1956, which contained a number of bitter attacks on the policies of Government and Party. Historians were working out a revised version of the October Revolution and of the history of the Party. If misrepresentation of the October Revolution had been the only—or the main—fault of Pasternak's novel, the appearance of the novel could have been made the opportunity for reasserting the Party line in literature. The fact that those responsible did not take this view, but decided not to print the novel, shows that there was more to it than Surkov admits.

It is clear that those who read *Dr. Zhivago* in the summer of 1956 thought that, from a Party point of view, the damage which would be done to the régime by its publication in Russia would be greater than any advantage which could be derived from exposing and criticising its shortcomings after it had appeared. There must be something in the novel, the suppression of which seemed necessary to those responsible for Soviet cultural policy even at the cost of compromising, in the eyes of the world, the reputation for liberalism which they were, at that time, trying to establish, and at the risk of destroying the claim that artistic creative work can go on unimpeded in the Soviet Union.

PASTERNAK'S early poetical work (his first two volumes of poems were published in 1917 and 1922) can be regarded as a totally new departure in Russian poetry. Perhaps his early ambition to become a composer (he had been a pupil of Scriabin) and the diversity of his interests in general account for the fact that the imagery of these poems is that of a fleeting, momentary association of ideas which remains unimpeded by common-sense knowledge or artistic prejudice. He would compare the eyelid of the sleeping Helen of Troy to "a dear old apron," or say: "... The rain is fumbling on the doorstep. The rain smells of wine-bottle corks and if you think of it," he would add, "the writings of the gentry on equality and fraternity had smelled exactly like that." Some of this imagery is impressionistic. Some of it arises from a play with alliterations and from semantic riddles. It strikes the reader for a moment as incomprehensible, sometimes as gibberish. It is only by letting the words produce the full aura of associations in the mind that the images come alive and, after a short period during which they seem artificial and capricious, one suddenly realises that their fleeting spontaneity could never have been the result of artifice but only of a vision which had possessed the poet. This is why it is right to say that Pasternak's poetry, as recorded in the few volumes of verses which he has published, has not been his life-work, but a series of accidentally preserved samples of that poetical vision which goes on uninterruptedly as long as he breathes, and which is the very essence of his life. Realising the identity of the poet and the human being in Pasternak's personality, we begin to appreciate the silliness of the suspicion that he could use his poetical gift for a political aim.

From his parents (his father was an eminent painter and his mother an accomplished musician) Pasternak inherited the gift of poetical sight and a very elaborate rhythmic expression. But these gifts and talents are only the prerequisites of his poetry. The poetry itself is the sum total of the events of his every-day life, of waking and going to sleep, of acting and eating. To make use of his talents for a political or, for that matter, any other extraneous purpose, would mean selecting and concentrating certain images, certain verbal expressions, even certain rhythms, in order to produce a desired effect on his readers. The Communist Party demands of the poets in the Soviet Union that they do this in order to produce enthusiasm for the Communist cause. This is the sense of all Party directives on poetry. What would this mean in the case of Pasternak? It would mean the suppression of some, and the wilful interference with others, of the free associations of ideas and emotional reactions which constitute his poetical vision. For one whose creative moments are rare and summoned up by a deliberate effort of will this might per-

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haps be possible. For Pasternak and any poet of this type such an interference would mean an intolerable mutilation of all his vital activities. Looking out of the window would become torture indeed if the process by which the sight of branches of trees and of the buildings and the drops of rain on the glass are transformed into a rhythmic expression of *all they mean to the poet*, was interfered with by a censor, who would select out of it what he believes they should *mean to the reader*. Pasternak's silence lasting for twenty years can only be explained as a passive resistance to such interference with his poetical life.

PERHAPS, in a paradoxical way so characteristic of Soviet conditions, Pasternak's claim for the recognition of his independence as a poet provides an explanation of the surprising fact that he was never physically molested, imprisoned, or banished under the Stalin régime. Stalin may well have believed that if nothing could be obtained from Pasternak in support of the régime, not much need be feared from him which would endanger it. Stalin knew that the stick and the carrot might be effective with Alexei Tolstoy or Ilya Ehrenburg, but would be of no avail with Pasternak. At the same time, he must have sensed what the Soviet poets and writers whom his apparatus controlled thought of Pasternak's towering superiority. It is in keeping with what we know of Stalin's character to assume that he held Pasternak in reserve as a kind of bogy for the controllable poets and writers so that he could say: "If ever I allow freedom of creative work to anyone, I will allow it to Pasternak. He, at least, will produce genuine poetry whereas you, who have been serving me with your '*khaltura*' (pot-boiling) might make use of such freedom to serve another master."

However this may be, the fact remains that Pasternak lived in terror and frustration between the middle 'thirties and the beginning of the Second World War. During the war, he remained in Moscow and witnessed the peculiar atmosphere which prevailed in the city between October and December, 1941. This period has been described more than once as a kind of crisis of liberation.* As Pasternak states expressly in his novel, the beginning of the war produced a powerful liberating effect on the mentality of the sensitive Soviet citizen. It was probably at that moment, when in the midst of physical privation and fear some natural freedom and moral courage could be recovered, that the idea of *Dr. Zhivago* was hatched.

The decision to write the novel as it has been written, without fear or scruple, and to press for its publication, cannot have come easily to Pasternak. This is revealed in the first of the poems included in the Appendix to the novel. In this poem the poet is about to play the part of Hamlet. He is already on the stage and from the dark auditorium he feels the touch of a thousand opera-glasses focused on him. He prays the Father to spare him the ordeal. He admits that he is ready to accept the destiny of Man and that he loves the life which has been given to him. He is ready to fulfil the human drama and to play his part in life. But he begs God to spare him this appearance in social isolation before a hostile and uncomprehending humanity. The order of life is, however, pre-established and the final goal of the path of his life is unavoidable. "I am alone: everything is drowned in pharisaic hypocrisy. To live one's life is not all that easy (is not like crossing a field, as the Russian proverb goes)." It was in this mood that *Dr. Zhivago* was conceived.

PASTERNAK'S attitude towards the revolutionary events which are the setting of his novel was that of an *"obyvatel"*—an untranslatable word which Russians have used since the nineteenth century to describe those among them whose attitude towards

* Compare, for instance, such other witnesses as M. Koryakov in *The Liberation of the Soul* [Chekhov Publishing House, New York, in Russian] and Yulia Neuman in her poem on the year 1941, described as a "pure year," because "in that year of camouflage and blackout, chicanery crumbled like plaster and we saw our neighbours without masks" [*Literaturnaya Moskva*, vol. II, Moscow, 1956].

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politics was exactly that of ordinary people everywhere towards the weather. For them, political conditions and circumstances were to be taken account of solely in order that they should not interfere with their personal lives. It would be sheer lunacy to attempt to interfere with these events, to jeopardise or even render more difficult personal achievements by the vain attempt to change political circumstances, just as it would be lunacy to try and influence the weather to suit our ends.

"Obyvatelshchina," or the attitude of the "obyvatel," is a typically Russian phenomenon. This form of aloofness from all things political and social is not the result of a narrowness of heart and mind like that of a German *"spiesser."* While the "obyvatel's" behaviour towards State authority and, in particular, every kind of police, may appear submissive and cowardly, he is capable of great personal courage and spirit of sacrifice in all personal relations and in personal misfortunes. His submissiveness is resilient. An "obyvatel" will enjoy official festivities, march to music in demonstrations when required, and perform all the ritual imposed on the politically reliable citizens by Authority, while remaining inwardly as aloof towards this authority, be it the Tsar or the Communist Party, as one is towards the frost or the rain, or to the causes of disease and death. The "obyvatel" has often been a rather despicable figure in Russian literature, or a figure of fun, especially in so-called "progressive" writings, but much attention has been focused on him and his human qualities ever since Pushkin's "Tales of Belkin" and Gogol's "Overcoat."

The key position in Russian literature of Gogol's "Overcoat" is beyond doubt. It is the source of the stream of writings in defence of the dignity of the small man. But it is surprising that another feature of this story has not been pointed out by the many literary historians who have discussed it. The little clerk in "The Overcoat," whose precious garment had been stolen after he had starved and saved for months to pay for it, turned for help to the Head of his Department. His Excellency gave him a dressing down: the little man went home and died. In a grotesque and whimsical epilogue, the ghost of the clerk returns to earth and disrobes His Excellency, at night in a blizzard, of his magnificent beaver-collared overcoat. Is it going too far to interpret Gogol's story as a symbolic vision of the vengeance which the humble and oppressed would wreak on all the Excellencies almost a century later, a vision born in Gogol's schizophrenic mind and of the significance of which he was himself possibly not conscious?

In any event, the "obyvatel," while remaining an object of derision and blame became, at the same time, a pet of Russian literature, which prided itself on asserting the dignity and intrinsic value of the poor and humble. This attitude terminated in the long gallery of Chekhov's heroes—most of them "obyvatels," or "superfluous" men, and most of them redeemed as human beings.

While this process of the gradual rehabilitation of the "obyvatel" went on in Russian prose, poetry remained essentially untouched by it. There, the polarisation of trends was characterised by the contrast between civic poetry and an attitude of "ivory tower" and "art for art's sake." Both trends had their roots in nineteenth-century romanticism. In both cases the poet claimed to serve a cause, either that of "increasing artistic values in the world," or of "contributing to social progress." Abusive allegations of philistinism were flung backwards and forwards between the two camps. Revolutionary heroics took over the traditions of romanticism without having undergone purification by the realistic vision so noticeable and so beneficial in Russian prose writing. Mayakovsky came as a Victor Hugo of the Russian Revolution. At their best moments, Russian poets were painfully conscious of their alienation from the source of real poetry. This is why Pushkin, who would write poetry as he breathed air, towered above them as a demi-god whose works would for ever remain unsurpassed.

In his rehabilitation of the "obyvatel" attitude which ends in an apotheosis, Pasternak takes his bearings from Pushkin. He makes his hero, who has found a temporary refuge

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with his family in the wastes of the eastern Urals, read and comment on Pushkin:

> "The fabulous is never anything but the commonplace touched by the hand of a genius. The best object lesson in this respect is Pushkin. What an ode to honest work, duty, and the common round! The words 'bourgeois' and 'obyvatel' have only become terms of abuse nowadays, but Pushkin forestalled the implied reproach in his 'Family Tree': 'A bourgeois, a bourgeois is what I am!' and again in 'Onegin's Journey': 'Now my ideal is the housewife/My greatest wish, a quiet life/A fat tureen of cabbage soup.'"

The message of the novel is, to a large extent, an elaboration of this simple but surprising thought.

THE comparison of *Dr. Zhivago* with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, which has already been made in the press, can only cause misunderstanding. Both epics are, of course, attempts on a large scale to reflect the character of an epoch, but this is the only ground for comparison. Tolstoy's novel was a reconstruction of a period based on certain preconceived ideas concerning the character of historical development and its real causes. *Dr. Zhivago* is an account of personal experience, and the unity of vision achieved by Pasternak is not conditioned by a theoretical approach to historical data as it was in the case of Tolstoy. It is the unity of personal reminiscence and of poetical perception. Even had the novel not been so obviously autobiographical, it would have been personal and lyrical in this sense. It is focused on one of the protagonists, Dr. Zhivago, who is both the main hero and almost the narrator of the novel.

Zhivago's personality is so close to the author that their relationship can be compared to that of Proust and the "I" of *A la Recherche de Temps Perdu*. The character emerges gradually and, even towards the end of the novel, it has still the same myopic vagueness of design which is characteristic of introspective self-knowledge. But of course, Pasternak's hero should not be identified with the author himself. He is something of Pasternak's super-ego, whose purity of purpose, dignity, and humanity Pasternak obviously admires and can hardly hope to attain. For this admiration, Pasternak takes vengeance on his hero by reducing his social effectiveness to a minimum, by making him one of the great "superfluous men" of Russian literature.

Zhivago goes through life uncorrupted by the wickedness of the world, but also without leaving an imprint on it by his intentional actions. The women he loves—and who love him even more—he loses and is unable to help. He is no father to the children whom they have by him. In spite of his psychological insight and his goodwill towards his fellowmen, he is unable to help them in their tragedies, and the story of his personal relations as a whole is that of failure and disaster. It has been said that Pasternak referred to Turgenev's Rudin as to a distant literary ancestor of Zhivago, but he seems to have more in common with Dostoevsky's "Idiot" and certain Chekhov characters. There is the same inability to transform knowledge and intention into action; and the same final triumph in failure, the triumph of the uncompromising attitude to reality, which will not be bribed by the promise of worldly success. This final justification and apotheosis of Zhivago's way of life comes towards the end of the book and finds its most powerful expression in the lament of Lara, the great love of his life, over his dead body in Moscow in 1929. No Russian writer before Pasternak has made this point clearer concerning the superfluous man. Unlike Dostoevsky's hero, however, Zhivago is not a Jesus-like figure. He is more like an apostle, one of those disciples who could not keep awake during the vigil of Gethsemane, referred to in the last poem at the end of the novel.

ZHIVAGO'S character develops against the background of the dissolution of Russian society which culminated in the revolution of 1917. His attitude towards the great social changes is that of a sympathising and enlightened "obyvatel." Although the problems of the historical destiny and of the social development of Russia were present in his mind from early youth, Zhivago never thought he could influence them directly by

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his actions. He did not seek contact with those who believed they could do so, and it is clear from his casual encounters with them that his attitude towards their belief was, at the best, pity for ignorant enthusiasts. This does not mean that he was indifferent to the Revolution. It affected him most profoundly and his attitude towards political events is stated in the novel with extreme clarity. In a scene with Lara, long before their relationship had developed into a liaison, Zhivago philosophises about the political conditions in Russia in the high summer of 1917, and expresses the typically "obyvatel" attitude to them, as if they were uncontrollable in the same way as the forces of nature itself. He says:

"Last night, I was watching a public meeting. What an amazing spectacle! Old Mother Russia is on the move. She cannot stand still any longer; she walks and cannot stop walking; she talks and cannot stop talking; and it is not that the only speakers are the people; stars and trees have come together and are holding parleys; the flowers of the night are philosophising, stone buildings are taking part in public meetings."

The idea appeals to Lara, who says that she understands the trees and the stars who take part in meetings. She knows what he means and herself had such ideas. This objectivist, or naturalist attitude towards the social and revolutionary turmoil establishes the first intimate link between Zhivago and Lara, which then develops into the great love story of their lives.

It is remarkable that another eminent Russian poet whose later tragic destiny means so much to Pasternak—Marina Tsvetaeva—had pointed out Pasternak's peculiar attitude to the Revolution as early as 1924 in a review of his second book of poems, "My Sister—Life." There Tsvetaeva wrote of Pasternak's perception of the Revolution:

"Pasternak did not take cover hiding from the Revolution in one or the other of the basement haunts of the intelligentsia. (There are no basements in the Revolution, only open squares in open fields.) Pasternak and the Revolution did actually meet. He saw her for the first time in the distance in the glow of fires shooting into the air like a corn sheaf. He heard her in the groaning flight of the roads. The Revolution reached him and was assimilated by him like everything in his life, through nature. Pasternak will say his word about the Revolution as the Revolution herself will say it at some future time. In the summer of 1917 he marched in step with her and listened to her attentively."

Paradoxically, the more revolutionary events tended to interfere with Zhivago's personal life, the more conscious became his attitude of passive submissiveness to their blind elemental power. Pasternak makes this point again and again by combining every glimpse of the historical happenings of the autumn of 1917 with some entirely personal aspects of his hero's life. During the October days when indiscriminate shooting makes movement in the streets of Moscow practically impossible and visitors who drop in remain stranded for days in Zhivago's flat, a note of poignancy is introduced by the record of a seemingly alarming although, in the end, innocuous illness of his little son. When at last Zhivago is able to get out into the streets, he is once more overwhelmed, as he had been the summer before, by a feeling of the cosmic unity of natural and social upheavals:

"There was some kind of similarity between what was going on in the moral and in the physical world, between occurrences near and far away, on earth and in the atmosphere. Somewhere the last isolated shots of a broken resistance resound. Bubbles of weak, almost extinguished fires flare up and dissolve somewhere on the horizon and the blizzard chases the snow in rings and funnels of similar pattern along the steaming and wet pavements under Zhivago's feet."

It is in this mood that Zhivago gets hold of a news-sheet announcing the appointment of the People's Commissars and the first decrees of the Soviet government. He realises the momentous character of the news:

"... the greatness and the eternal significance of that moment shook him and knocked him out."

Zhivago enters the doorway of a block of flats to take cover and read the news. By one of his craftiest tricks, at exactly that moment Pasternak interrupts the story of Zhivago's reaction to what he is reading in order to introduce an unexpected personal element. There, on the stairs of an unknown house, he lets Zhivago meet a youth, a half-brother of his whom he had never met before and who plays a peculiar part in the construction

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of the novel, appearing at critical moments like the envoy of Destiny, who suggests and determines the line of behaviour. By this device the author seems to remind us that historical events may be judged only in the light of their impact on individuals. And as if to drive this lesson home, Pasternak makes another seemingly casual digression. On his way home, Dr. Zhivago takes advantage of the darkness to steal a log of wood from a heap of demolition timber guarded by a sentry, and brings it home, where fuel has been used up during the days of street fighting. At home, Zhivago comments on the significance of the news:

"... the main thing is the streak of genius about it all Had anybody been given the task of creating a new world, of beginning a new era, his first definite need would be to have the decks suitably cleared for action. Before getting down to the construction of new epochs he would have waited for the old to finish. He would have needed a round number, a new paragraph, a blank page. And here, look at it, this unprecedented thing, this miracle of history, this revelation, has been dropped in the midst of the continuing day-to-day life with a complete disregard for its course.

"The miracle has begun, not from the beginning, but from the middle. Not at a date which had been fixed in advance, but on an ordinary week-day in the very midst of the tramway traffic in the city. This is what strikes one most as a feat of genius. Only the very greatest can be so out of time and place."

The greatness of the revolutionary events and Zhivago's enthusiasm about them does not mean, however, that he approved of any of the intentions of the Revolution. Years later, after the whole family had fled from starving and typhus-infested Moscow to the Urals, where they hoped to settle down as market gardeners, Zhivago's father-in-law comments on what Zhivago said in the first days of the October Revolution. Zhivago tells his father-in-law that now that they have come into a part of the world where their relatives had owned a large property before the Revolution, they must be quite honest with each other about their hopes, desires, and aspirations:

"We must agree beforehand on the way in which to behave in certain circumstances, in order not to be ashamed of each other and not to put each other to shame."

What Zhivago means is obviously the attitude they should adopt in case of a counter-revolutionary coup (White Guard detachments were roaming quite near the station where the conversation took place), and whether they would, in this eventuality, claim any part of the property to which Zhivago's wife might be entitled.

Zhivago's father-in-law, Gromeko, answers:

"Do you remember that winter blizzard night when you brought the news-sheet with the first decrees? Do you remember how that was absolutely final? Its uncompromising character subdued us: but such things live in their original purity only in the heads of their creators, and that only on the first day of their announcement. By the next day, the Jesuit hypocrisy of politics turns everything inside out. What can I tell you? This philosophy [that is, communism] is alien to me. This government is against us. I was not asked whether I agreed to this general break-up. But they trusted me and the way I behaved, even if I acted under pressure, puts an obligation on me."

The old man explains to Zhivago that he is not going to claim any rights in the property of his in-laws, but will merely use his contacts in order to settle on the land and make a living out of it. "The history of private property in Russia," says old Gromeko, "has come to an end. And we personally, the Gromekos, had already said good-bye to the passion for acquisition in the Nineteenth Century."

THIS is the style in which Pasternak speaks of political reality affecting the private lives of his heroes. There is no criticism or discussion of the intentions, aspirations, and political manœuvring of those who claimed to direct revolutionary events. What concerns Pasternak is: what should a man like his hero do when faced with such changes, in order to preserve his moral integrity, and to survive without breaking up his personal identity?

Zhivago is contrasted with another character who appears in two different aspects. Pavel Antipov is a working-class boy, an orphan, brought up by a family of railway workers, a gifted, tormented mind who, after completing his university studies and marry-

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ing a girl whom he considers socially superior to him, becomes an intellectual. The girl is the same Lara who later, when abandoned by him, becomes the *grand amour* of Zhivago. While Zhivago is the type of "obyvatel," Antipov is the "activist" par excellence. Pasternak sums up his character at the end of the first volume, in the following words:

"Two features, two passions were characteristic of him: his thinking was uncommonly clear and correct and, to an equally uncommon degree, he had the gift of moral purity and justice, and his feelings were warm and noble. But what stopped him becoming the kind of scholar who blazes new trails was that his brain lacked that talent for the arbitrary, that force which by unpredicted discoveries shatters the barren harmony of sterile predictions.

"And so far as doing good was concerned, though he was a man of principle, he was lacking in that unprincipledness of the heart which knows nothing of generalisations, concerning itself solely with individual instances, the heart whose greatness rests on the very littleness of its actions.

"From his early childhood, Pavel longed for the very highest and brightest ideals. In his view, life was a huge arena in which, honestly adhering to the rules, men were competing in their progress to greater perfection.

"When he found out that this was not so, it did not occur to him that he had been wrong in having a much too simplified idea of the world order. [This obviously refers also to the failure of Pavel's marriage to Lara.] Having buried his grievance deep in his soul, he began playing with the idea of some time becoming supreme judge in the contest between life and the dark forces which corrupted it. He daydreamed of drawing his sword in defence of life and so of avenging it.

"Disappointment made him bitter. Revolution armed him."

Antipov turns up in the novel under a new identity and a new name, Strelnikov, as a leader of the Red Army forces in the Urals. Zhivago is arrested while wandering on the railway line by some Red Army men who believe him to be a spy. He is brought to Strelnikov, who realises that a mistake has been made and that Zhivago has been taken for somebody else. Strelnikov tells him that he will be freed, but asks him why he happens to be in this remote part of the Urals. Is he by chance the heir of the owners of the local factories? Zhivago admits that "his wife was, indeed . . . but what has this to do with it?" He has come to the Urals to find peace in the wilderness. Strelnikov presses Zhivago, asking him why he has not joined the Red Army, since he is a doctor.

"After all, you are a doctor, an Army doctor at that, and this is war-time. This concerns me directly. A deserter. . . . The Green Partisans are also looking for quiet in the forests. What is your reason [for not being in the Army]?"

Zhivago: "I was wounded twice and invalided out of the Army."

Strelnikov/Antipov: "And now, I expect, you will produce a certificate from the People's Commissariat of Education or from the People's Commissariat of Health to attest that you are a completely dependable Soviet citizen, a sympathiser, and politically reliable. This, my dear sir, is the Last Judgment on earth. Beasts of the Apocalypse, winged and sword-bearing, are roaming about and not sympathising and politically reliable doctors. But I have told you already that you are free and I shall not go back on my word. But this is only for this time. I feel that we shall meet again and then the conversation might turn out differently. Be on your guard."

The threat does not affect Zhivago, and he answers:

"I know all you are thinking of me. From your point of view you might be quite right. The debate into which you are trying to draw me, I have been carrying on all through my life with an imaginary accuser and, you will admit, I have had plenty of time to come to a conclusion of sorts. Allow me to go if I am indeed free and, if I am not, dispose of me. I do not have to justify any of my actions to you."

The two men part at this point and the significance of their encounter only becomes evident much later in the course of the narrative, when the second meeting between them takes place in the same area many months after the first.

Zhivago has, in the meantime, become the lover of Antipov's abandoned wife. He has been kidnapped by Red Partisans and has gone through the most cruel and inhuman campaign ever fought in the Russian Civil War, that of the Siberian Partisans. After his return to the Urals, in a fit of despair he has let the woman whom he loved go away to the Far East in order to save her from possible political complications in which he might become involved. He lives alone in the house where they had been happy together, and there he meets Strelnikov/Antipov again. Strelnikov's position has also changed in the meantime. Like so many of the ex-officers

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employed in the Civil War as defenders of the Soviet power, he was denounced as a traitor and a price was put on his head. He went into hiding in the forests, but is hounded down and, as a last resort, comes to the lonely house inhabited by Zhivago. The meeting of the two men marks the highest point of the drama in which they are involved. They establish a kind of brotherhood which calls to mind the last scene in Dostoevsky's *Idiot*, the scene in Rogozhin's house near the corpse of Nastasia Filipovna. Strelnikov shoots himself in the night and Zhivago remains alive to go back on a long trek through Russia to Moscow, where he vegetates for a few years as a kind of free-lance educationalist and then ends up an intellectual tramp, an outcast of a society whose standards he cannot accept.

THE contrast between the two characters —Zhivago and Strelnikov/Antipov—is the central ideological theme of the novel. It is the contrast between the "obyvatel," who possesses the qualities of heart necessary to do the microscopic good of which alone he feels that man is capable in this world, and the "activist" or fanatic. Both perish in the social turmoil ruled by laws which have nothing to do either with the emotions and the common-sense of Zhivago, or the high ideals and the stilted theories of Strelnikov/Antipov. Pasternak leaves us in no doubt where his sympathies lie in the contest between these two characters. Speaking of Antipov and his like earlier in the novel, he says:

> "For them, transitional periods, worlds in the making are ends in themselves. They are not trained for anything else, they don't know anything else. And do you know why there is this incessant whorl of never-ending preparations? It's because they have no specific natural talents, they are not gifted for anything. Man is born to live, not to prepare for life. Life itself—the gift of life—is such a breathtakingly serious thing—so why substitute this childish harlequinade of adolescent phantasies, these schoolboy escapades?"

Because of this talent for life Zhivago is loved by all those to whose happiness he has been so tragically impotent to contribute. There is no selfish egotism in this man, as Pasternak shows. Weak and doomed to failure as he might appear when judged by the results of his ventures, his hero, the great "superfluous man," is the bearer of that tolerant, merciful attitude towards other human beings on which alone a human society not doomed to self-destruction can be founded. It is in the poetry at the end of the volume that this point is made most clearly. These twenty-five poems are, in a sense, the most important part of the work. Taken by themselves, however, they would have been only samples of personal, erotic, and devotional lyric. By attaching them to his one hundred and forty thousand-word novel, Pasternak demonstrates the live connection of these poems with at least one possible set of individual human circumstances: those of his hero's life.

Who are the people to whom Pasternak is sending his message, and whom the Soviet authorities are now so eager to prevent hearing it? They are neither Communist "activists" nor revolutionaries who would rise up in arms in order to overthrow the Soviet régime and, in this sense, any accusation that the novel is "counter-revolutionary" is absurd. The people to whom Pasternak appeals are the Russian "obyvatel" of our days, mainly intellectuals and also the small, unimportant people who neither join actively in Party and Government campaigns nor resist them actively; and who, by their very passivity, preserve a certain degree of integrity of judgment and of emotional spontaneity. Such people, in fact the overwhelming majority of the population of the U.S.S.R., have been taught to believe for the last forty years that they are in every respect inferior to the selected active fighters for a better society. In the official view, those who dare to fight for social ideals may perish when they go wrong, but they have nevertheless led a conscious, purposeful life and they are far above any loyal and well-intentioned "obyvatel." The latter is destined for ever to remain a mere object of political action and it is his duty patiently to endure every discomfort and to acquiesce in the praise with which

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the "activists" reward their own efforts for the establishment of general happiness.

It is to this mass of passive sufferers, and mainly to those whose passivity is intentional, that Pasternak addresses his message. He does not urge them to activity, to an organised resistance, of which they are probably not capable. What he does is to instil in them a sense of dignity and superiority over the "activists," a superiority which he claims for his hero and of which he himself is so justifiably conscious.

BUT, although in no vulgar sense subversive, the novel certainly contains a most devastating criticism of the very foundations of official Soviet enthusiasm. The real danger it presents to the régime is that it destroys the position of moral superiority of the political "activists" and restores the confidence of those who are seeking nothing more than their right to love nature and to follow in their actions the inclinations of their heart. The compelling power of Pasternak's argument is not based on any theoretical view, but on a direct poetical vision of Soviet society and of the mechanism by which its ideological foundations are maintained. In a scene towards the end of the novel, two friends of Dr. Zhivago, Dudorov and Gordon, are talking, and one of them who has just completed his first stay in a concentration camp and has been restored to his position as a university teacher, explains how grateful he is to his G.P.U. interrogator and to his experience in prison and in the camp, for having helped him to grow in stature. Pasternak describes Zhivago's reaction:

"Dudorov's reasoning appealed to Gordon precisely because it was so hackneyed. He nodded in sympathy and agreed with everything Dudorov said. He was touched by the very triteness of Dudorov's words and thoughts, and he took the second-hand nature of these copybook sentences as a sign of their human universality. Dudorov's virtuous words were in the spirit of the times, and it was just because they were so pre-ordained, so transparently sanctimonious, that Zhivago was revolted by them. A man who is not free always idealises his bondage. This is how it was in the Middle Ages and the Jesuits always made play with it. Zhivago could not stand the political mysticism of the Soviet intelligentsia which was the height of its achievement, or, as they would have said in those days, the spiritual ceiling of the epoch. 'I found it painful to listen to you, Dudorov, when you told us how you were re-educated and grew in stature while you were in gaol; it was like listening to a circus horse describing how it broke itself in.' "

It is hardly probable that such literary bureaucrats as Surkov could understand and estimate all the dangers Pasternak's novel presents for the ideological foundations for the régime. But they must instinctively realise that once a work of art of such spontaneity has reached the public, they will not be able to look their readers in the eye when repeating the hackneyed, conventional phrases with which they fill their writings. The situation is made even more complicated by the well-known tendency of the Russian reader to identify himself with a literary type, sometimes without a shadow of justification. How many junior lieutenants of the Red Army have thought of themselves as Prince Andrey of *War and Peace*? How many passive, lazy, submissive, for ever frightened "obyvatels," having read *Dr. Zhivago*, will identify themselves with Pasternak's hero and become less manageable through having their self-respect and human dignity restored to them, as more than one hundred years ago Gogol tried to do for the oppressed and humiliated of his day in "The Overcoat"? This may well be the reason why the "activists" of our day are trying to prevent the Russians from reading the greatest novel which has been written in their tongue in this century.

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Nakashima Ton

The Expert

A Story

THERE lived in the city of Hantan, the capital of the ancient Chinese state of Chao, a man called Chi Ch'ang who aspired to be the greatest archer in the world. After many enquiries, he ascertained that the best teacher in the country was one Wei Fei. So great was this Master's skill in archery that he was able, by repute, to shoot a quiverful of arrows into a single willow-leaf at the distance of a hundred paces. Chi Ch'ang journeyed to the far-away province where Wei Fei lived and became his pupil.

First Wei Fei ordered him to learn not to blink. Chi Ch'ang returned home and as soon as he entered his house, crept under his wife's loom and lay there on his back. It was his plan to stare without blinking at the treadle as it rushed up and down directly before his eyes. His wife was amazed to see him in this posture and said that she could not weave with a man, albeit her husband, watching from this strange angle. She was, however, constrained to work the treadle despite her embarrassment.

Day after day Chi Ch'ang took up his peculiar station under the loom and practised staring. After two years he had reached the point of not blinking even if one of his eye-lashes was caught in the treadle. When Chi Ch'ang finally crawled out for the last time from under the machine, he realised that his lengthy discipline had been effective. Nothing now could make him blink—not a blow on the eyelid, nor a spark from the fire, nor a cloud of dust raised suddenly before his eyes. So thoroughly had he trained his eye-muscles to inactivity that even when he slept his eyes remained wide open. One day as he sat staring ahead of him, a small spider

Translator's Note.—The philosophy of this story is Taoism. What Chi Ch'ang acquires during his years in the mountains is *tê*, the "virtue" or "power" of the Taoists "that could shift Heaven and Earth."

Art, indeed all types of skill, play an important part in Taoism. As Dr. Waley points out (*The Way and Its Power*, p. 58), "The Taoists saw in many arts and crafts the utilisation of a power akin to if not identical with that of Tao. The wheel-wright, the carpenter, the butcher, the bowman, the swimmer, achieve their skill not by accumulating facts concerning their art, nor by the energetic use either of muscles or outward senses; but through utilising the fundamental kinship which, underneath apparent distinctions and diversities, unites their own Primal Stuff to the Primal Stuff of the medium in which they work."

Chi Ch'ang's dictum that "the ultimate state of activity is inactivity" echoes the opening lines of Chapter 38 of the *Tao Te Ching* (Waley, op. cit., p. 189):

> "The man of highest 'power' does not reveal himself as a possessor of 'power';
> Therefore he keeps his 'power.'
> The man of inferior 'power' cannot rid it of the appearance of 'power';
> Therefore he is in truth without 'power.'
> The man of highest 'power' (does not) act...
> The man of inferior 'power' acts...

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wove its web between his eye-lashes. Now at last he felt sufficiently confident to report to his teacher.

"To know how not to blink is only the first step," said Wei Fei when Chi Ch'ang had eagerly recounted the story of his progress. "Next you must learn to look. Practise looking at things, and if the time comes when what is minute seems conspicuous, and what is small seems huge, visit me once more."

Again Chi Ch'ang returned home. This time he went to the garden and searched for a tiny insect. When he had found one barely visible to the naked eye, he placed it on a blade of grass and hung this by the window of his study. Now he took up his post at the end of the room and sat there day after day staring at the insect. At first he could barely see it, but after ten days, he began to fancy that it was slightly bigger. At the end of the third month it seemed to have grown to the size of a silk-worm and he could now clearly make out the details of its body.

As Chi Ch'ang sat staring at the insect, he scarcely noticed the changing of the seasons —how the glittering spring sun changed to the fierce glare of summer; how before long the geese were flying through a limpid autumn sky; and how autumn in turn gave way to the sleety grey winter. Nothing seemed to exist now but the little animal on the blade of grass. As each insect died or disappeared, he had his servant replace it by another one equally minute. But in his eyes they were constantly becoming larger.

For three years he hardly left his study. Then one day he perceived that the insect by the window was as big as a horse. "I've done it!" he exclaimed, striking his knee, and so saying he hurried out of the house. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Horses seemed as big as mountains; pigs looked like great hills, and chicken like castle-towers. Bounding with joy, he ran back to his house and immediately notched a slender Shuo P'êng arrow on a Swallow bow. He took aim and shot the insect straight through the heart without so much as touching the blade of grass on which it rested.

He lost no time in reporting to Wei Fei. This time his teacher was sufficiently impressed to say, "Well done!"

It was five years since Chi Ch'ang had embarked on the mysteries of archery and he felt that his rigorous training had indeed borne fruit. No feat of bowmanship now seemed beyond his powers. To confirm this, he set himself a series of exacting tests before returning home.

First he decided to emulate Wei Fei's own accomplishment, and at the distance of a hundred yards he succeeded in shooting every arrow through a willow-leaf. A few days later he undertook the same task, using his heaviest bow and balancing on his right elbow a cup filled to the brim with water; not a drop was spilt and again every arrow found its mark.

The following week he took a hundred light arrows and shot them in rapid succession at a distant target. The first one hit the bull's-eye; the second one pierced the first arrow straight in the notch; the third arrow lodged itself in the notch of the second; and so it continued until in a twinkling all hundred arrows were joined in a single straight line extending from the target to the bow itself. So true had he aimed that even after he had finished, the long line of arrows did not fall to the ground but remained quivering in mid-air. At this, even the Master Wei Fei, who had watched from the side, could not help clapping and shouting, "Bravo!"

When after two months Chi Ch'ang finally returned home, his wife, chafing at his long neglect, started to rail at him. Thinking to correct her shrewishness, Chi Ch'ang quickly notched a Ch'i Wei arrow on a Raven bow, drew the string to its fullest extension and fired just above her eye. The arrow removed three of her lashes, but so great was its speed and so sure the aim that she was not even aware that anything had happened, and, without so much as blinking, continued to nag at her husband.

There was nothing more for Chi Ch'ang to learn from his teacher Wei Fei. He seemed close to the achievement of his ambition. Yet one obstacle remained, he realised with an

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unpleasant jolt: that obstacle was Wei Fei himself. So long as the Master lived, Chi Ch'ang could never call himself the greatest archer in the world. Though he now equalled Wei Fei in bowmanship, he felt sure that he could never excel him. The man's life was a constant denial of his own great purpose.

Walking through the fields one day, Chi Ch'ang caught sight of Wei Fei far in the distance. Without a moment's hesitation, he raised his bow, fixed an arrow and took aim. His old master, however, had sensed what was happening and in a flash had also notched an arrow on his bow. Both men fired at the same moment. Their arrows collided half way and fell together to the ground. Chi Ch'ang immediately shot another arrow, but this was stopped in mid-air by a second unerring arrow from Wei Fei's bow. So the strange duel continued until the Master's quiver was empty but one arrow still remained to the pupil. "Now's my chance!" muttered Chi Ch'ang and at once aimed the final arrow. Seeing this, Wei Fei broke off a twig from the thorn-bush beside him. As the arrow whistled towards his heart, he flicked the point sharply with the tip of one of the thorns and brought it to the ground at his feet.

Realising that his evil design had been thwarted, Chi Ch'ang was filled with a fine sense of remorse, which, to be sure, he would have been far from feeling had any of his arrows lodged where he intended. Wei Fei, on his side, was so relieved at his escape and so satisfied with this latest example of his own virtuosity that he could feel no anger for his would-be assassin. The two men ran up to each other and embraced with tears of devotion. (Strange indeed were the ways of ancient times! Would not such conduct be unthinkable to-day? The hearts of the men of old must have differed utterly from our own. How else explain that when the Duke Huan one evening demanded a new delicacy, the Director of the Imperial Kitchen, by name I Ya, baked his own son and begged the Duke to sample it; or that the fifteen-year-old youth, who was to be the first Emperor of the Shin Dynasty, did not scruple on the very night his father died to make love three times to the old man's favourite concubine?)

EVEN as he embraced his head-strong pupil in forgiveness, Wei Fei was aware that his life might any day be threatened again. The only way to rid himself of this constant menace was to divert Chi Ch'ang's mind to some new goal.

"My friend," he said, standing aside, "I have now, as you realise, transmitted to you all the knowledge of archery that I possess. If you wish to delve further into these mysteries, cross the lofty Ta Hsing Pass in the western country and climb to the summit of Mount Ho. There you may find the aged Master Kan Ying, who in the art of archery knows no equal in this or any age. Compared to his skill, our bowmanship is as the puny fumbling of children. There is no man in the world but the Master Kan Ying to whom you can now look for instruction. Seek him out, if indeed he be still alive, and become his pupil."

Chi Ch'ang immediately set out for the West. To hear his achievements described as child's play had pricked his pride and made him fear that he might still be far from realising his great ambition. He must lose no time in climbing Mount Ho and matching his own achievements against those of this old Master.

He crossed the Ta Hsing Pass and made his way up the rugged mountain. His shoes were soon worn out and his feet and legs were cut and bleeding. Quite undaunted, he clambered up perilous precipices and traversed narrow planks set over huge chasms. After a month he reached the summit of Mount Ho and burst impetuously into the cave where dwelt Kan Ying. He proved to be an aged man with eyes as gentle as a sheep's. He was, indeed, quite frighteningly old—far older than anyone Chi Ch'ang had ever seen. His back was bent, and as he walked his white hair trailed along the ground.

Thinking that anyone of such an age must needs be deaf, Chi Ch'ang announced in a

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loud voice, "I have come to find out if I am indeed as great an archer as I believe." Without waiting for Kan Ying's reply, he took the great poplar bow, which he was carrying on his back, notched a Tsu Chieh arrow and aimed at a flock of migrating birds which were passing by high overhead. Instantly five birds came hurtling down through the clear blue sky.

The old man smiled tolerantly and said, "But my dear Sir, this is mere shooting with bow and arrow. Have you not yet learned to shoot without shooting? Come with me."

RUFFLED by his failure to impress the old hermit, Chi Ch'ang followed him in silence to the edge of a great precipice some two hundred paces from the cave. When he glanced down, he thought that he must indeed have come into the presence of "the great screen three thousand cubits high" described of old by Chang Tsai. Far below he saw a mountain-stream winding its way like a shining thread over the rocks. His eyes became blurred and his head began to spin. Meanwhile the Master Kan Ying ran lightly on to a narrow ledge which jutted straight out over the precipice and, turning round, said, "Now show me your real skill. Come where I am standing and let me see your bowmanship."

Chi Ch'ang was too proud to decline the challenge, and without hesitation changed places with the old man. No sooner had he stepped on to the ledge, however, than it began to sway slightly to and fro. Assuming a boldness that he was far from feeling, Chi Ch'ang took his bow and with trembling fingers tried to notch an arrow. Just then a pebble rolled off the ledge and began to fall thousands of feet through space. Following it with his eye, Chi Ch'ang felt that he was going to lose his balance. He lay down on the ledge, clutching its edges firmly with his fingers. His legs shook and the perspiration flowed from his whole body.

The old man laughed, reached out his hand and helped Chi Ch'ang down off the ledge. Jumping on to it himself, he said, "Allow me, Sir, to show you what archery really is."

Though Chi Ch'ang's heart was pounding and his face was deadly white, he still had sufficient presence of mind to notice that the Master was empty-handed.

"What about your bow?" he asked in a sepulchral voice.

"My bow?" said the old man. "My bow?" he repeated laughing. "So long as one requires bow and arrow, one is still at the periphery of the art. Real archery dispenses with both bow and arrow!"

Directly above their heads a single kite was wheeling in the sky. The hermit looked up at it and Chi Ch'ang followed his gaze. So high was the bird that even to his sharp eyes it looked like a tiny sesame seed. Kan Ying notched an invisible arrow on an incorporeal bow, drew the string to its full extension and released it. Chi Ch'ang seemed to hear a swishing sound; the next moment the kite stopped flapping its wings and fell like a stone to the ground.

Chi Ch'ang was aghast. He felt that now for the first time he had glimpsed the limit of the art which he had so glibly undertaken to master.

FOR nine years he stayed in the mountains with the old hermit. What disciplines he underwent during this time, none ever knew. When in the tenth year he descended from the mountains and returned home, all were amazed at the change in him. His former resolute and arrogant countenance had disappeared; in its place had come the expressionless, wooden look of a simpleton. His old teacher, Wei Fei, come to visit him, said after a single glance, "Now I can see that you have indeed become an expert! Such as I are no longer worthy ever to touch your feet."

The inhabitants of Hantan hailed Chi Ch'ang as the greatest archer in the land and impatiently awaited the wonderful feats which he no doubt would soon display. But Chi Ch'ang did nothing to satisfy their expectations. Not once did he put his hands to a bow or arrow. The great poplar bow which he had taken with him on his journey he evidently had left behind. When someone

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asked him to explain, he answered in a languid tone, "The ultimate stage of activity is inactivity; the ultimate stage of speaking is to refrain from speech; the ultimate in shooting is not to shoot."

The more perceptive citizens of Hantan at once understood his meaning and stood in awe before this great expert archer who declined to touch a bow. It was his very refusal to shoot that now caused his reputation to grow.

All sorts of rumours and tales were bruited abroad about Chi Ch'ang. It was reported that always after midnight one could hear the sound of someone pulling an invisible bow-string on the roof of his house. Some said that this was the god of archery, who dwelt each day within the Master's soul and at night escaped to protect him from all evil spirits. A merchant who lived nearby circulated a rumour that one night he had clearly seen Chi Ch'ang riding on a cloud directly above his own house; for once he was carrying his bow, and he was matching his accomplishments against those of Hou I and Yang Yu-chi, the famous archers of legendary times. According to the merchant's story, the arrows fired by the three Masters disappeared in the distance between Orion and Sirius, trailing bright blue lights in the black sky.

There was also a thief who confessed that, as he had been about to climb into Chi Ch'ang's house, a sudden blast of air had rushed through the window and struck him so forcefully on the forehead that he had been knocked off the wall. Thenceforth all those who harboured evil designs avoided the precincts of Chi Ch'ang's house, and it was said that even flocks of migrating birds kept clear of the air above his roof.

As his renown spread through the land, reaching to the very clouds, Chi Ch'ang grew old. More and more he seemed to have entered the state in which both mind and body look no longer to things outside but exist by themselves in restful and elegant simplicity. His stolid face divested itself of every vestige of expression; no outside force could disturb his complete impassiveness. It was rare now for him to speak, and presently one could no longer tell whether or not he still breathed. Often his limbs seemed stark and lifeless as a withered tree. So attuned had he become to the underlying laws of the universe, so far removed from the insecurities and contradictions of things apparent, that in the evening of his life he no longer knew the difference between "I" and "he," between "this" and "that." The kaleidoscope of sensory impressions no longer concerned him; for all he cared, his eye might have been an ear, his ear a nose, his nose a mouth.

FORTY years after he had come down from the mountains, Chi Ch'ang peacefully left the world, like smoke disappearing in the sky. During these forty years he had never once mentioned the subject of archery, let alone taken up a bow and arrow.

Of his last year, the story is told that one day he visited a friend's house and saw lying on a table a vaguely familiar utensil whose name and use he could, however, not recall. After vainly searching his memory, he turned to his friend and said, "Pray tell me: that object on your table—what is it called and for what is it used?" His host laughed as if Chi Ch'ang was joking. The old man pressed his question but his friend laughed again, though this time somewhat uncertainly. When he was questioned seriously for a third time, a look of consternation appeared on the friend's face. He gazed intently at Chi Ch'ang and, having made sure that he had heard correctly and also that the old man was neither mad nor speaking in jest, he stammered out in an awe-struck tone, "Oh, Master. You must indeed be the greatest Master of all times. Only so can you have forgotten the bow—both its name and its use!"

It was said that for some time after this in the city of Hantan painters threw away their brushes, musicians broke the strings of their instruments, and carpenters were ashamed to be seen with their rules.

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Charles Curran

AOT in U.S.A.

The Death of Hard News

GO INTO a newspaper office in a number of American cities, sit down at the editorial copy-desk where material is prepared for publication, and you will see journalists labelling some of it AOT. This notation means Any Old Time. It signifies that the material is dateless, and can go into the paper to-day, to-morrow, or next week.

AOT is becoming the occupational disease of American journalism. (All generalisations about the United States tend to be corrupt; but this one is guarded from decay by a mass of particular instances.) With some few exceptions, the American editor is losing interest in hard news. Like an unmarried lady who cannot understand why people make so much fuss about love, he is turning to good works. He helps his readers to adjust themselves to their jobs, their lovers, their children, their worries, and their souls. He gives more and more space to coping with their anxieties and providing distractions for them—in the form of entertainment, personalia, columns of ready-to-wear opinions bought in bulk from mass-production think-factories. The result is that a great many American newspapers now look as though they belonged to the press magnate in the Arnold Bennett-Eden Phillpotts novel whose maxim was: "We spin you a yarn to-day; we give you the news next week."

Something like this is happening in the British press as well; but not, so far, to anything like the same extent. (No evening paper here, in London or the provinces, has become an illustrated magazine assembled the night before—which is, substantially, what many American evenings now are.) There are three immediate reasons for the drift towards AOT in America; they may be summed up as Monopoly, Television, and Women.

Monopoly

THE Press is being telescoped. At present there are approximately 1,800 daily papers, morning and evening, in the United States; there used to be 2,400 or so. Rising costs are forcing both mergers and semi-mergers—those arrangements you find in towns all over the country, from Illinois to Texas, whereby rivals agree to share the same plant, pool their overheads, marry their business, circulation, and advertising departments, then print one morning and one evening paper only. This pressure to telescope is intensified by the fact that the national advertisers, like the advertising agencies, prefer few outlets to many; it is less trouble. They also prefer newspapers everywhere to adopt standard-size pages and column widths. The papers that survive are swollen to monstrous dimensions. Morning papers contain 100 pages or more, Sunday papers 200 or more. Most of this space goes to advertisements. They total 60 per cent. in many papers, 80 per cent. in some.

About three in every four American daily papers now have no direct competitors. The

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consequences of that fact are oddly, and indeed farcically, different from the forecasts of the people who fill the British air with wailings about the Press stampede to monopoly and degradation. In one American city after another, monopoly has put an end to those shameful, shameless scramblings after circulation that cause so much distress to right-thinking men and women. Instead of these scramblings, monopoly substitutes sobriety, dignity, and dullness—especially dullness. It tends constantly towards producing a newspaper fit for reading aloud by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the members of the British Press Council. Throughout great areas of the United States, monopoly has turned over the Front Page. In those areas, the picture of the American journalist stamped on the British imagination—the keen, reckless, swashbuckling buccaneer—is utterly out of date. A newspaper veteran in one Middle West city summed up the change for me in this way:

"When we had rival papers here, we stopped at nothing to get news and sales. Every cop was on some paper's pay-roll; so were most of the lawyers, the doctors, the hotel porters, the bartenders, and the whorehouse proprietors. But not now. Our monopoly paper is produced for serious readers only. Our reporters pay off mortgages and live with their wives. We run editorials about man's inhumanity to man. We are full of thoughtful articles about Germany, and India, and Africa, and the habits of fish. Why, we even print lectures by professors. The paper is so solemn that you take off your hat when you read it, as if you were passing a church."

I do not want to over-simplify. The boredom of monopoly is much mitigated by the fact that dignity does not attract women readers. (Also, *naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*: as Press purity rises, so does the public appetite for scandal magazines.) There is no doubt that monopoly has brought responsibility with it. But at the same time, many of the forces that made the other kind of journalism popular have declined or disappeared. Alarm-bell indictments of the wicked rich, for example, sell few papers now that the worker is occupied with the problem of where he and his wife are to park their cars.

Sunset on Galway Bay

CONCURRENTLY, the readership pattern has been radically altered—both on the Atlantic seaboard and in the Middle West—by the assimilation of German, Scandinavian, and Central European immigrants. Before this happened, poverty, xenophobia, the ghetto-like seclusion in which many of them lived and the bitternesses that it bred, were all rich veins for newspapers in search of pay-dirt sales. But it is very different now.

One index of the change that deserves more attention than it gets is the big slump in America's foreign-language papers. In 1925 there were no fewer than 600 of them; to-day there are not much more than 200, and they are dying. In 1925 the State of Minnesota alone had 41 papers in the German and Scandinavian tongues, including two dailies; now it has eight, none of them a daily. Illinois had 52 German and Czech papers; now it has 22. Wisconsin had 30 German papers; now it has three.

Just as significant is the eclipse of the Irish-American Press—partly because its clients too are being assimilated, partly because a Republic in Dublin has destroyed the great grievance. The sun has gone down on Galway Bay, and Ireland is no longer news—or votes. From 1870 onwards, two talented New York editors flourished by exploiting Anglophobia. One was Patrick Ford of the *Irish World*, the other was John Devoy of the *Gaelic American*. For half a century they subsidised outrages, assassination, and rebellion. (The dynamiters who tried to terrorise London in the 1880's were sent here on money collected by public appeals in the *Irish World*.) Now both Ford and Devoy are dead, and their papers have been merged; the combined product, a pallid shadow of its parents' gory past, reports weddings instead of shootings. A rival weekly, the *Irish Echo*, is driven to exploit a more original circulation device. It is run in conjunction with an immigration agency, and

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it devotes itself to importing readers in bulk across the Atlantic.

The Shock of TV

IN AMERICA, as in Britain, television has given a seismic shock to the Press. But the effects there and here are widely dissimilar.

British Press fears about commercial TV were based (as they still are) on the belief that it endangers advertising revenue. This belief contains the restrictionist premise that there is only a fixed amount of money for advertising, and that if a new outlet is created the other outlets must get less. It is a Fleet Street variant of the wages fund doctrine so dear to British trade unions. American experience has exploded all such fears with a thoroughness that must gladden the ghost of Adam Smith. For commercial TV, in fact, has expanded American consumption, production, and advertising all at once. It has applied an enormous multiplier to the economic machine, bringing new wealth both to the makers of consumer goods and to the newspapers in which the goods are advertised. But it has struck a vile blow at circulation.

The news-getting techniques of American TV are impressively good; so is the presentation, which is quick, striking, and copious. The product is on view in almost every home and almost every bar. Consequently, TV is a far bigger menace to American editors and circulation managers than it has so far proved to be in Britain. The main victim is the American evening paper. Round-the-clock broadcast news has robbed it of its great sales asset of surprise, and abolished the daily bonus that accrued from sporting results.

Some newspapers have tried to fight TV by intensifying their search for exclusive news. But most of them—particularly the evenings—have tried to fight by altering their reader-appeal. They put less emphasis on hard news and more on material of the kind that TV cannot supply so easily or so satisfactorily (such as magazine features, explanatory and interpretative comments, advice about everything from weaning to wallpaper). Also, they strive constantly to exploit their readers' interest in TV. They go after material about TV programmes and performers with all the gusto that once they reserved for crime and scandal. A great deal of ingenuity is thrown into the search, and also into the presentation of the results in print. This has accelerated in the American Press a development that is familiar in mass-circulation journalism everywhere—namely, the tendency to concentrate more and more on personalities. Now TV performers and entertainers have been lifted to the celebrity level, just as film stars and athletes were in the pre-TV era.

The Woman Reader

ABOUT the basic cause for this development there is, of course, no mystery. It is due to the necessity of capturing and holding the woman reader. That necessity has become more urgent than ever in the United States.

Any society dedicated to the welfare goals of increased consumption and a rising standard of living tends inevitably to magnify the position occupied by women. The United States to-day demonstrates the truth of this proposition more plainly, perhaps, than any other community in history. It is shown in all sorts of ways; in the transfer to women of decisions about spending; in the continually greater importance attached to specifically feminine values—from the material level of conspicuous expenditure and display to the political demands for social security and exemption from competitive strife; in the obsessive preoccupation with women's interests and women's wishes that marks both newspapers and advertisers. Editors put the woman reader first. They must. Unless they do, they can obtain neither circulation nor advertising revenue.

Now I will not venture to generalise about the woman reader; I shall let Sir Robert Ensor, the Oxford historian, do that for me. In his contribution to *The Character of England*, a symposium edited by Sir Ernest Barker (Clarendon Press, 1947), Sir Robert summed her up thus:

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"Women (in the mass, that is) have no day-by-day interest in politics. They will not patronise a paper that obtrudes much serious politics upon them. They have very little interest in doctrines, arguments, or serious speculations of any kind. . . . Women's concern is not with ideas or principles, but with persons and things. Their prime interest, journalistically speaking, has proved to be sex, and those episodes of mutual attraction which the popular newspapers term 'romance.' Another very marked interest is in performers."

That was written about the British Press a decade ago, before TV. It is even more true about the American Press in the TV era. The trend is less marked in the monopoly newspapers than elsewhere; sometimes they will put women, like authors and criminals, into sectionalised purdahs. But since even a monopoly must convince advertisers that its pages are read by women, the feminine appeal is apparent there as well. The nature of this appeal is seen in the pre-eminent prestige conferred on the public performer. This prestige is a fact that nobody can miss who looks at the American Press—or at the American people. It is a fact of far more importance in the United States than in Britain. For although TV personalities captivate the British masses too, the sophisticated strata (female as well as male) above them are spell-proof; and in our deferential society their disdain is, ultimately, conclusive. But in the United States there is little sophistication, and no deference. The mass values prevail.

The woman reader partly explains what is to a British eye the most unexpected feature of American journalism; its unrelenting attention to the Royal Family. Editors tell you that anything—literally anything, the smallest scrap of gossip or tattle about the Queen, her husband, her sister, or her children—is worth printing, because the woman reader will seize on it. (I was told of one newspaper in Texas that insists on two items about the Royal Family in its women's pages every week.) A piece of chatter from some negligible periodical in London or Paris, that has inaccuracy written all over it, will make front pages throughout the United States. It will be given far more prominence than it would get in London even if it were true; and you will find it remembered and discussed by readers months later. With all this curiosity, of course, there goes an almost invincible ignorance in most American editorial rooms about British titles. It would be a kindly act if our Washington Ambassador were to issue a one-syllable explanation of why Mr. Harold Macmillan's wife is called Lady Dorothy Macmillan.

The Naked Emperor

HOWEVER much reader-interest patterns may change, the editor's perennial problem remains. It is the oldest problem in journalism: "How, from all the mass of material available to me, do I create a paper having the tang and characteristics of a distinctive personality?" To do this at any time requires a specific talent, inexplicable as all talents are. But to do it in America now, with newspapers swollen to dimensions hitherto unknown in journalism, tests that talent to the uttermost. How many editors pass the test? I shall be rash enough to answer that question.

So far as I can see, there are three newspapers in the United States, and only three, that exhibit this talent in the superlative degree. They are the New York *Daily News*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the Chicago *Daily News*.

The New York *Daily News* is a morning tabloid. It has achieved the biggest daily sale in the United States, although it violates the most sacred (British) maxim in the trade—the maxim that to make a tabloid sell you must mix cheesecake with radicalism. For it leaves out the radicalism. It is thus completely free from the self-pity and patronage inseparable from radicalism—which consists, essentially, in telling people that they are simpletons confronted by scoundrels. It is raucous, downright, vulgarly magnificent, technically superb. Among tabloids, its self-confidence is unique; it will print readers' letters calling its contributors punks, lice, and liars. Every

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headline, every news-story, every picture-caption, almost every line in the paper reeks with its personality.

This feat is all the more impressive when you turn to the New York *Times*, which is the naked emperor of American journalism, lauded for merits that are not there. A collection of items, however important, does not make a newspaper, any more than a list of words is a book. As a work of reference, the New York *Times* is invaluable; but it has as much personality as a sarcophagus. On its front page, nothing ever comes to an end; everything is continued on pages 33, 58, 96, and 119.

Both the tang and the technique that are absent from the New York *Times* are plentifully present in the Chicago *Tribune*. The Chicago *Tribune* has a bad name abroad. That may be well earned—but not for reasons that have to do with the techniques of journalism. For it is a prodigious newspaper; in several respects the most remarkable in the English language. It has solved with ease the problem of imposing, on every one of its hundreds of pages, a personality that clangs with gusto.

The Chicago *Daily News* is the best evening paper in the United States. It refuses to become an overnight magazine; it demonstrates in every issue that you can fight TV if you go after your own news as savagely as a rat-hunting terrier, and get on sale with the booty at top speed. Many American evenings lack all spontaneity; early and late editions are much the same. But the Chicago *Daily News* scraps and re-makes hour by hour.

These three papers are outstanding. But there are several others almost as noteworthy —in particular, the San Francisco *Examiner*. This was the first Hearst paper, and amid the ashes of the Hearst empire it is still blazing.

The Twilight of the News

CHANGES in the face of the American Press are merely symptoms. To a diagnostic eye they reveal something else; the fact that a vast transformation is going on among the mass public, which threatens the whole structure of popular daily journalism. This can be seen in Britain as well, but it is far clearer in America.

The structure dates from Northcliffe. He began to build it around 1890. Since then, a good many wings have been added to it by his imitators and successors; but it is still basically the same building. It dates, that is to say, from the period when masses of people were living in poverty and economic insecurity. All the conventions of popular journalism, all its rules for determining the nature of News, were worked out against a background that does not exist any more. The Northcliffe conventions, after all, are no more immutable than those that govern the game of bridge, and do not have much more intrinsic significance, either. It is still possible to get results by using them—in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, as well as in Fleet Street. But now only men of altogether exceptional journalistic talent and flair can make them work; and even they are finding the task grow harder all the time.

News, as the conventions defined it, was like Gibbon's definition of history: the chronicle of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. Now the eager interest that the public displayed in these themes up to 1939 was not at all an idle curiosity. It was, in fact, an imaginative exercise on the lines of "There, but for the grace of God." Living poorly and in perilous economic circumstances, the mass public had excellent psychological reasons for wanting to read about people who lost their foothold on the competitive raft and slipped over the edge. The appetitite for News was an appetite rooted in fear. Remove the fear, and the appetite dwindles. Full employment and welfare capitalism are like visitors bringing electric light into a haunted house; they make the inhabitants forget the ghosts. To-day, the ghosts walk only among the displaced persons of American society—the Puerto Ricans in New York, the poor white and coloured migrants struggling to adapt to industrialism in Detroit and Chicago; and since advertisers

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are not interested in them, neither are newspapers. For the beneficiaries of capitalist prosperity, conventional News is not a psychological necessity any more. It is merely a survival, a habit acquired in a different social climate that has become largely pointless and is therefore tending to die out.

Side by side with this economic revolution against conventional news values, there is a sexual revolution too. Birth control and divorce have destroyed another great area of fear among the mass public. They have freed men—and, still more, women—from the restraints that made extra-marital intercourse a forbidden pleasure, something to be read about rather than indulged in, since it was guarded by the dragons of unwanted pregnancy and social condemnation. In the climate of sexual freedom, the dragons have died, and many circulations are being buried in their graves. You cannot any longer hold a big readership, either in America or in Britain, simply by chronicling the sexual misdeeds and misfortunes of the mass public; the appetite for this kind of news has dwindled too. The cult of personality has spread to sex, which now has its old-time news value only when it can be linked to the celebrity and the performer.

The Lobotomy Public

Now, after the economic and the sexual revolutions against conventional news values, there comes the nuclear revolution. It is vaster by far than either of the others. For the old fears of poverty, insecurity, and sexual disaster, it substitutes a new one—the fear of proximate, universal annihilation, which is spreading fast through the mass public.

When H. G. Wells was dying in 1945, he published—a few months before Hiroshima—a book called *Mind at the End of its Tether*. It was dismissed at the time as merely a private shriek of despair. To-day, it reads like a prophetic preview, uncannily accurate, of the public mind when confronted by the intercontinental missile, mutation by fall-out mutation, and the Soviet entry into lunar space. For Wells wrote: "A frightful queerness has come into life. Even quite unobservant people are betraying, by fits and starts, a shrinking and fugitive sense that something is happening so that life will never be quite the same again. You find yourself face to face with a new scheme of being, hitherto unimaginable by the human mind. There is no way out or round or through the impasse. It is the end. *Homo sapiens* is, in his present form, played out."

Mass journalism flourished by catering for the old fears. How can it cater for this new one? All the conventions are wildly irrelevant to it. They are not a means of communication any more, they have become a barrier. How can you even begin to convey either the facts or the implications of nuclear power in terms of the Northcliffe formulas? You might as well try to put a pair of baby's shoes on an elephant. The breakdown in communications is all but total in the Press of America, as it is in her politics. In face of nuclear physics, the traditional checks and curbs of democracy are merely a grisly jest. Power, in the only sense that matters now, is in the hands of scientists, nominally subordinate to an elected assembly, which cannot understand them even if they explain, since they speak in an unknown tongue that is beyond the intellectual reach of the great majority of men and women.

Not only are there no formulas for this, anywhere in the museum of conventional news values, but from the nature of the case, no new formulas can be devised. America's newspapers, like their readers, are shut out from the area of decision, baffled onlookers before a blackboard covered with nuclear equations. They cannot convey, they cannot interpret. It is a new authoritarian age, where the levers of power can be grasped only by a tiny handful of initiates. Any attempt to fix the place of the popular Press in this unmapped world must be largely conjectural.

But the effects of welfare capitalism and the nuclear revolution on the mass public are not at all conjectural. They are clear and plain. Together they have produced results that resemble a successful lobotomy operation. They have created a public that is tractable, docile, suggestible, willing to be guided and

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wanting to be told. It is a public averse from intellectual activity, taking a naïve pleasure in the expanding comforts and luxuries that their economy supplies, wishing to shut out the new fear that has taken the place of the old fears. It exhibits the presence of two collective pressures. One is for a mentor; the other is for a way of escape. The Press seeks to cater for both.

The Column and the Scandal

IT SATISFIES the first of these pressures by means of the columnist—the writer whose syndicated opinions are distributed to newspapers all over the country, and who has made the leading article obsolescent. The supply of columnists is great, but the demand is equally great. For the American public has never been more eager than it is now to listen to anyone who is ready to provide capsule opinions, to reflect in his own personality the tensions of his readers.

When you inspect the columnists, you see that this exploitation of personality amounts, usually, to no more than a soothing, verbose sterility. For in order to write both intelligently and copiously, you need more than the knack of expression. You must also have a well-stored mind and the integrated outlook of a man who has worked out his basic assumptions to the point where they give him a reasoned *Weltanschauung*. These attributes are necessarily rare. Yet without them a columnist is merely a performer, someone with technique and after that nothing. His stock-in-trade consists of his skill in linking new topics to old prejudices. Few American columnists have any better equipment. The few include Walter Lippmann, the Alsops, and David Lawrence. There is no doubt, I think, as to the holder of the wooden spoon. This has now become the personal property of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Her columns are widely read, and attract a fascinated curiosity. For they plunge effortlessly, like a pressure-proof bathyscope, into depths of artlessness hitherto unplumbed.

In providing a way of escape from nuclear bewilderments, the Press limits itself to the mass level and the feminine values. It has not tried to offer a nuclear version of either Stoicism or Epicureanism. Its emphasis on personalities, the spotlit prestige conferred on the performer, the haloes flung around men and women who make reputations on the TV screen, all show the nature of the escape mechanism. But to make the mechanism attractive to women readers, something must be added—the sharp flavour of denigration. The gods and goddesses must be shown with clay feet. Their prestige must be offset with a spice of spite.

This is perhaps the ugliest aspect of the egalitarian society dominated by feminine values that now exists in the United States. The traffic in gossipy personalities to which the competitive newspapers—as distinct from the monopolies—devote so much space is marked both by inflation and deflation of its raw material. The venom, the rudeness, the inquisitive vulgarity of the gossip columns are just as much part of their reader-appeal as the insistence that TV comedians and Hollywood performers are persons of national importance. The scandal magazines cater for the same appetite in a concentrated form.

The numbers of these magazines are noteworthy; more than 70 of them have come into existence during the past three years. So are their circulations; *Confidential*, the best-known, has a sale of more than three millions. So also are their names; they include *Tomcat*, *Rogue*, *Suppressed*, *QT*, *Lowdown*, *TV Scandals*. One formula covers them all—the exploitation of curiosity about celebrities by supplying discreditable personal details. It is welfare capitalism's equivalent for the muck-raking about the wicked rich that used to provide radicals and socialists with their stock-in-trade.

But the American Press has succeeded, no more than its readers, in adapting to the problems of a society living in comfort under the nuclear cloud. It may be that no adaptation is possible. It may even be that the only rational attitude for an American in this year of grace is to have a Geiger counter in one hand, and in the other a copy of *Confidential*. I do not know.

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Patrick Kavanagh: Four Poems

To Hell With Commonsense

More kicks than pence
We get from commonsense
Above its door is writ
All hope abandon. It
Is a bank will refuse a post
Dated cheque of the Holy Ghost
Therefore I say to hell
With all reasonable
Poems in particular
We want no secular
Wisdom plodded together
By concerned fools. Gather
No moss you rolling stones
Nothing thought out atones
For no flight
In the light
Let them wear out nerve and bones
Those who would have it that way
But in the end nothing that they
Have achieved will be in the shake up
In the final Wake Up
And I have a feeling
That through the hole in reason's ceiling
We can fly to knowledge
Without ever going to college.

Is

The important thing is not
To imagine one ought
Have something to say,
A raison d'être, a plot for the play.
The only true teaching
Subsists in watching
Things moving or just colour
Without comment from the scholar.
To look on is enough
In the business of love.
Casually remark
On a deer running in a park;
Mention water again
Always virginal,
Always original,
It washes out Original Sin.
Name for the future
The everydays of nature
And without being analytic
Create a great epic.
Girls in red blouses.
Steps up to houses
Sunlight round gables
Gossip's young fables,
The life of a street.

O wealthy me! O happy state!
With an inexhaustible theme
I'll die in harness,
I'll die in harness with my scheme.

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Canal Bank Walk

Leafy-with-love banks and the green waters of the canal
Pouring redemption for me, that I do
The will of God, wallow in the habitual, the banal,
Grow with nature again as before I grew.
The bright stick trapped, the breeze adding a third
Party to the couple kissing on an old seat,
And a bird gathering materials for the nest for the Word
Eloquently new and abandoned to its delirious beat.
O unworn world enrapture me, encapture me in a web
Of fabulous grass and eternal voices by a beech,
Feed the gaping need of my senses, give me ad lib
To pray unselfconsciously with overflowing speech.
For this soul needs to be honoured with a new dress woven
From green and blue things and arguments that cannot be proven.

High Journey

No, no, no, I know I was not important as I moved
Through the colourful country, I was but a single
Item in the picture, the namer not the beloved.
O tedious man with whom no gods commingle.
Beauty, who has described beauty? once upon a time
I had a myth that was a lie but it served:
Trees walking across the crests of hills and my rhyme
Cavorting on mile-high stilts and the unnerved
Crowds looking up with terror in their rational faces.
O dance with Kitty Stopling I outrageously
Cried out-of-sense to them, while their timorous paces
Stumbled behind Jove's page boy paging me.
I had a very pleasant journey, thank you sincerely
For giving me my madness back, or nearly.

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Kathleen Nott

Gallant Old Girls

ONE MORNING after the break-up of my marriage, my char said to me: "You don't appreciate your freedom yet, Madam, they're all a bloody nuisance." Mrs. Harvey is a working-class widow of fifty, the relict of an unsatisfactory marriage. I am an intellectual grass-widow of forty-seven. But the differences in this context are superficial. Underneath them, Mrs. Harvey and I are of the same mind, we share a philosophy.

The world thinks it knows what is the matter with Mrs. Harvey and me. In particular, all those who diagnose in terms of their own speciality think they know what we are really asking for. Mrs. Harvey, they think, is a fundamentally decent type who would never ask too much. Or conversely, what she asks for can be put in plain language: as the right, Heaven help us, to work and to a better life for her children. To that you can say Yes or No, usually No.

My kind of belly-aching is more troublesome to diagnose and more tiresome to treat. It looks as though what I want is some "ism" —feminism, rationalism, libertinism—or something even more peculiar and perverse, like the right to smear my face with ink, or become Archbishop of Canterbury, if the whim takes me, and still be regarded as natural. My very preoccupation with principles might after all be only a disguise for material greed and grab. It means I'm trying to move straight back into the Garden of Eden and won't be content with what I've been given: the Vote (and what have I done with it anyway?); almost everything, from maternity benefit to the right to wear the Queen's Uniform; everything really, except the right to join the Clubs, such as the Savage, the House of Lords, and Crockford's Directory.

All this is true and nothing in what follows should be construed as meaning that I think women should surrender any enablement they have gained or might gain: certainly not the demand for equal pay, and nothing, however silly it might seem to their own sex, if it helps to make exclusiveness look daft. Let them even join the Ancient Order of Buffaloes or the Freemasons. Logically the egalitarian demand is both material and total. But it was meant to be personal and spiritual. What I want to say here is that whatever benefits continue to flow or trickle, they come from a storage cistern. The spring has dried up.

I DO not think we are merely decayed rentiers living on the cultural dividends of Christianity: I think we are living on the dehydrated products of liberalism. What Mrs. Harvey and I are talking about is the liberal and humanistic spirit. It is quite clear when you analyse her remark. What she felt she ought to have and could not get while her husband was alive, was freedom and peace, the right to be herself and to establish and maintain harmony around herself (perhaps in other words to create a home). That she thinks in these subjective and inward terms may be due to the fact that she is a woman, but the kind of woman she is, at her age and in her conditions, was manufactured by the

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liberal spirit at a particular historical moment. Mrs. Harvey and I both crawled out of a liberal cocoon at about the same time. What democracy meant to both of us when we were young, was not primarily political or economic, it meant a world which could be turned into a place where we felt *at home*: it was something ethical and psychological. Moreover, we thought that this was what democracy *meant*: that, before food and wages, it stood for freedom and justice and peace and happiness. To both of us, whether we are articulate about the matter or not, democracy to-day is failed liberalism; and liberalism is an ethic which has failed. And ethics meant that you at least looked for a disinterested principle in personal relationships. We both imbibed much of this sitting at the feet of our fathers, for our fathers liked us to be Maries while they talked big, and mother was usually busy being Martha. And we both feel that the sons are not up to the fathers: that husbands and lovers have left us holding this ethical baby. It is not only that they do not really believe in freedom and peace for their wives, they don't believe in it anywhere. It is a kind of infidelity we mind much more than sexual infidelity, which most of us accept.

Mrs. Harvey and I were growing up at the peak of the liberal illusion. The liberal ethic is faith in charity and reasonableness: faith without dogma. It also includes the belief that you must not define humanity in such a way that there are sub-human categories; and the belief that freedom and peace are good. The liberal illusion, on the other hand, is the belief that people naturally want these goods and given a chance will work to obtain them. For a short time we really believed that World War I had ended war and that votes for women were the outward and visible sign that the principle of our freedom had been accepted by society. We believed—this seems to be the heart of the illusion—that principles which were natural and right could be directly and easily incarnated in social institutions. This was because freedom and peace were self-evident values: people needs must love the self-evident when they *see* it. The idea that most people in this sense never see anything because they don't want to, and because an argument, in their minds, is identified with a fight and a side, did not then occur to us. Why should it? The memory of our liberal fathers—by whom now I chiefly mean our spiritual fathers, all the apostles of liberalism from J. S. Mill onwards and all the male propagandists for female suffrage—was still strong upon us. The liberal illusion is the belief that reasonableness will always conquer in the long run.

WHAT encouraged us further in the illusion was the belief, which also remained strong during our pre-nubile days, that men were the reasonable sex. I admit that Mrs. Harvey never put the matter like this, but I include her because her kind of disgruntlement came from her thwarted sense of what was *right*, as well as of what were her rights. Actually she had a more realistic sense than I of the place of force. As she put it: "They think they can bash you about and you won't bash back."

This naïve and passionate belief in reasonableness is more typical, I think, of women than of men. It is, unfortunately, one of the ways in which they come late to the party. In the 20th century there are so many ways in which everybody can plead *force majeure*. Nobody really needs the excuses provided by the psychologists for claiming that it is so difficult for human beings to be rational. But just because it is naïve and passionate, this female faith has often produced striking results. Strictly perhaps it should be called the faith in the self-evident which can remove all mountains including the rational arguments on the other side. So that it was in its heyday in the generation of the Grand Old Women, which we might perhaps regard as stretching from Mary Wollstonecraft to Christabel Pankhurst, and which includes George Eliot, Mary Kingsley, and Florence Nightingale—when it got the benefit of male support without being too closely tied to male organisation. What is essentially male and essentially limiting about the institutions, like the Public Schools, the Clubs, and the

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Church, is that they all organise whatever is to be done on the basis of what Isn't. The Grand Old Women did not have to notice that.

The first generation between the wars, the Gallant Old Girls, had to struggle with public service and public schools on the male model, and with the haunting duty of success in an independent career, while all the time continuing to hold the ethical baby which had been left behind by the decamping liberal male who once fathered it. And then being a womanly woman too, and holding all the other babies. For since World War II women have had to show that they can do everything. The Grand Old Women and the first generation of Gallant Old Girls often elected singleness or at least bachelor girlhood or sometimes childless marriages. Now it appears that the married fertility rate is higher among female graduates than among other classes.

This all at first looks as it should be: as if, given a free choice, women often elect to be just women: as if Instinct wins. But then it does not appear now so sure that we know enough about instinct and wanting and choice. Before contraception was general, it was not possible to say whether women actually *wanted* children or not. When conscious and deliberate motives can be paramount, they often appear very odd.

It was an old-fashioned novelists' myth that the most handsome and vigorous children were "love" children. Like most myths this is an attempt to generalise sporadic observation. The correct generalisation might be that the best children are the children of cheerfully careless parents. Nobody should suggest on the other hand that such children are particularly *wanted* by their parents. In the last war several of my friends, who had previously felt no strong maternal urge, produced babies. The reason often given—that their husbands or lovers might be killed—was sometimes, I suspect, a rationalisation for another one, also sometimes candidly stated, that they wanted to avoid munitions. The munitions-baby is the exact pole of the love-baby. It is the symbol of anxiety and planning. It might be used too as the symbol of present marital relations. Certainly children are often and in various ways used as munitions in the sex-war: by mothers as well as fathers. Having children is one of the ways in which women hang on to their husbands and giving children is one of the ways in which men put or keep their wives in their place. At one time this looked like a dispensation of nature. It is only now when people are free to have children or not that it can be seen as part of tactics.

It is obvious that all institutions, including marriage, are largely designed for security and prestige: it is not surprising that in an age when we all take thought for the morrow because today is so unpleasant, that marriage should represent planning against anxiety. But that is not what the Gallant Old Girls meant at all. They had the illusion that the liberal faith could be easily and directly embodied in institutions: marriage could be the perfect companionship, the perfect solitude *à deux*, creating unselfishness by duplicating the ego. We had just had a war to end wars, all wars. It was the age not only of liberty, but of equality and fraternity, including between the sexes. Inside and outside of the Bloomsbury Group it was the great age of "personal relationships." Promiscuity itself was sanctified by the ideal, for it was often undertaken in the name of absolute freedom, the ultimate respect for the person. There is nothing so idealistic as complete materialism.

Nevertheless it was all tremendously ethical. But the ethics of the Gallant Old Girls, like all ethics, was in considerable part an expression of moral anxiety, which can attach itself to anything. Thus when a total abstract freedom becomes the ideal, the restrictive sexual code can become inverted: you feel guilty if you are *not* always whisking in and out of bed. Many of the Gallant Old Girls did not really want to feel that way. They often came from comparatively stable homes which even had a liberal tradition, so that there was no pressure towards violent reaction: and sometimes they were sexually

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shy, as both boys and girls often are. Some of them were natural spinsters, and of a quality which at one time would have been held in high esteem. It is just possible that Jane Austen, and others too, might have been less full human beings and not more, if they had not been celibate. Moreover, many women are natural aunts rather than natural mothers. Most of us, men and women alike, remember those substitute-mothers who were often so much more satisfactory because they had no maternal complexes or responsibilities and were able to organise children for their own (and therefore for reciprocal) enjoyment.

I mean that there really are other reasons why women do not marry, or even live in sin, besides shortage of men. But they have to be both internally and socially in a position to choose. The Gallant Old Girls were in fact flustered by all sorts of new "norms." What with D. H. Lawrence and Freud, something like the male worry about virility was foisted on them and in the 'twenties and 'thirties it looked as if they might have to act like nymphomaniacs in order to avoid being branded as lesbians. This inverted morality can be very powerful. I have known young women join the Church not because it was better to do so than to burn, but because it was a respectable disguise for natural non-inflammability.

We are continually told that the 20th century is the age of aberrations and heresies. Nothing could be more absurd. There never was a time when there was more normality: there are as many norms as there are movements, parties, huddles, and splinter-groups. Freud and Lawrence, even in the garbled account, influenced the Gallant Old Girls, when they did so, not as libidinous incitement, but as definers of norms.

It was because of their moral anxiety that the Gallant Old Girls believed so very strongly in the Good and the Norm. The first was what it was their duty to try and attain: the second was what, as I have indicated, they feared to fall below. Unfortunately, linguistic analysis was not yet a commonplace and so they did not know that it was their duty to define these conceptions. And unlike their grandmothers, the Grand Old Women, they had no kind of bible: so that they had to fall back on the experts.

I AM talking now about many of my university contemporaries. In general they were not philosophically inclined. But many of them were reading Eng. Lit. with a view to teaching it to the oncoming sections of the university queue, having pledged themselves to do so in payment for their County Scholarships; and when they had graduated they took the Diploma in Education. Fragments of psychology and philosophy were washed down to them which they naturally took as parts of a coherent science. I don't see how they could do anything else. It is much more natural for young people to believe what they are told both in their studies and in life than not. It takes most people most of their lives to be able to distinguish between a fact and an opinion. I confess that I do not know whether educational theory nowadays helps to distinguish the two. In my day it didn't. One got used to a certain solemn didacticism from these embryo educationists, memorising, book upon the knee: contexts had become texts. It was indeed a solemn moment, for the Gallant Old Girls, some of them nurtured in the conservative orthodoxies and some in the liberal, but all in an orthodoxy, were about to pioneer in experimental Free Love. And they were not going to get far without another orthodoxy: they needed to be sealed Good and Normal.

The philosophical imprint was vaguer than the psychological: anyway, by this time, I am vaguer about it. The Bloomsbury Group had crept in perhaps through Eng. Lit. and so it is possible that Moore's *Principia Ethica*—which after all had a memorable slogan, that Good is like yellow, you spot it straight off—filtered through. I hardly suppose that any of us noticed that this put personal responsibility back where it started. What we were interested in and thought we could get, was the facts, we could not have too many of them, all conflicting. And the sciences of life gave you the facts of life: and something

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even more valuable, the Norm or norms, all conflicting.

Still powered by their moral anxiety, the norm into which the Gallant Old Girls now frequently rushed was Full Femininity. I believe that the desire and pursuit of the norm was indeed more influential than the wish to show that they could do everything. What was good and sound in Bloomsbury, though it seems at present in abeyance if not abortive, or at least has certainly been shouted down by the propaganda of norms, conventions, and parties, was just the idea of the intrinsic value of personal relationships. Admittedly this is a reaffirmation of the only outlook which works or has ever worked, if only for a short time here and there, the idea which makes civilisations civilised. But language dies and values have continually to be restated and re-worded. Personal relations are of course relations between two or more persons. But the Gallant Old Girls who had so recently become persons either legally or morally, and had now to be Full Women at the same time, were badly in need of a definition which would clearly lay down how these two conceptions stood to each other. The trouble was that no one actually knew. Nobody could tell them what they were really like and what therefore, since they wanted a norm, they *ought* to be like. Successful descriptions of what constitutes a man or a woman have always been imaginative and artistic: done in the concrete and particular to reveal the universal. And such imaginative particularisation of a woman who is a natural person and an intellectual being has not yet arrived. Anyway it was something that male writers were more likely to fear and ridicule than to accept.

NEVERTHELESS the psychological law did get laid down. Being a *femme personne* was and, in my opinion, still is, a genuine problem which can only be lived out, not theorised away or set aside. But the laying down of the psychological law could in certain cases bestow the peace which literally passeth understanding. I have often seen the idiotic and beatific look which represented the pacification of the necessary internal dialogue, spreading over the faces of my student contemporaries who took a little psychology. I remember one who used to lay her finger on the text and tell me—"Man is"—something or the other, for instance, stronger, more intelligent, heavier, more courageous, more aggressive, and so on "than Woman." Or she would say, "There is an instinct of submission." I do not say that the text, whatever it was, came through ungarbled. I only say that this was the way I first saw psychology being absorbed for redistribution around the body politic. The question whether or not psychology is a science, or will ever become one, seems to me less important than the fact that most people's minds are wholly unscientific by nature.

The Full-Femininity sub-group often took large draughts of D. H. Lawrence as well. He also laid down the Law and so ranks as an honorary psychologist. For my present purpose, what Freud and Lawrence had significantly in common was, not the fact, but the *way* they dwelt on sexuality. Unless it is a relation, sex is a meaningless abstraction. You cannot describe a relation unless you can describe its terms. "Man" and "Woman" must define each other. To both Freud and Lawrence, one of the terms of the sex-relation is missing. Women, for them, did not exist except in masculine projection.

In this Freud seems to have been totally unconscious. No doubt this is the effect of his temporal background. Sometimes gallantly pitying, sometimes nearly jocose, he almost seems to be talking about "The Ladies." In his own terms, women are seen as failed males, struggling with their castration complex. Lawrence parallels this attitude in his attempts to describe the most intimate sexual feelings of women which, when right and proper, are simply a glad and grateful acceptance of male superiority. Semantically, both Freud and Lawrence are like Schopenhauer who described women as "that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race," implying that beauty was

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logically bound up with the opposite characteristics.

More remarkably they are both like my friend, taking her dose of psychology in preparation for educating the oncoming generation. Paradoxically the Full-Femininity sub-group, lacking a better definition, identified with this masculine conception of the female. It was not at all uncommon for the generation of Gallant Old Girls to show the effects of linguistic maleducation in their idea of male and female. The masculine is powerful, noble, wise, logical, true, good, and (after Schopenhauer) even beautiful. It is a bad thing to emasculate: it is shocking to be effeminate. The "masculine protest" accepts the total superiority of the male and seeks to identify with it. By now it is becoming clearer that Lawrence's philosophy of virility (and that of the Fascists and Nazis too) was a form of whistling in the dark. But those Gallant Old Girls who remained faithful, not merely to some form of feminism, but to the ethics of liberalism, the preference (with Mrs. Harvey) for freedom and peace, which includes the possibility of harmonious personal relations, were left clutching the life of the mind and sadly wondering at their sisters who had swallowed the whistle, and at the strange noises which came forth. Lawrence was quite frank (so were the Fascists and Nazis). He did not like or believe in equality. He did not like women with minds. He did not like reasonableness and reasoning. He did not like the talk which must go on if some disinterestedness and honesty between two marital egos is to be developed and maintained. If all this had helped towards the final undermining of the romantic conception of love in which we are all reared, it might not have been a bad thing. But what it helped to undermine instead, was the ideal of personal relationship, of friendship between men and women—which requires talk, reasoning, even arguing —in short, honesty.

Abstract sexuality—the belief that men and women, instead of being in a relation which defines and continually re-defines its terms, are totally distinct—resulted in new disguised romanticisms. Reality and honesty were out: feminine wiles were in again. The Full-Femininity sub-group, when capable of disillusion, sometimes consoled itself with the myth that the continental male was nearer to standard than the Englishman. The dark gods began across the Channel. One wonders how far this group will get in the years remaining at its disposal, and where it will finish up.

ALL THIS distresses the rearguard of Gallant Old Girls. Since ethics is often associated with righteous indignation (in fact, more often than not, abstractedly principled people *are* angry people) it may be that they will become the Angry Old Women. If so, they will have just as good ground for grumbling as the young men who feel despised and rejected because they have only been to a Grammar school.

What of the future? The Gallant Old Girls of course hope that the men will assume paternity for the ethical baby and encourage it to grow up. But sometimes it looks as if the spiritual life will eternally crawl out towards the suburbs and the dormitory towns, pushing a pram.

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LETTERS

Studying Yeats

To LABEL any work of scholarship "pernicious," especially when the reviewer is a responsible critic of Yeats' work, constitutes a charge of some gravity; which suggests at first sight either a misunderstanding, or a view of poetry which differs from that which I myself hold, or a response that (in conjunction with the strange attempt to identify one particular view as that of the "Cambridge" school) seems particularly naïve. Mr. Kermode's review of Mr. Wilson's book (*W. B. Yeats and Tradition*) uses this epithet twice, though he does not appear to question the overall accuracy of Mr. Wilson's source-exegesis. Perhaps you will be good enough to allow me to comment briefly on Mr. Kermode's review.

Mr. Wilson's work has already produced a good deal of controversy, and has been reviewed from many different angles. It may be well to summarise its contents. He has shown that Yeats' reading, so far from being random and desultory (as many of us, including myself, had once supposed) was in fact purposive and extensive; that the "philosophy" which became the scaffolding for his poetry is neither arbitrary nor personal; that there is a consistent intrinsic relationship between much of the prose, drama, and verse, and that his usages of language are illuminated by all these in conjunction; and that these usages are further certified and often clarified by our knowledge of his sources. I do not think Mr. Wilson's statements on matters of fact are in dispute; whether they are drawn from the books that Yeats read (and often annotated); from verbal resemblances; or from those other sources to which Yeats was led by his friendships, his research, his translations, and his search for a synthesis between Eastern and Western thought.

Now Mr. Kermode appears to raise the following objections to Mr. Wilson's work:

(1) The title of the first chapter is *The Subjective Tradition* which "is misleading in the context of philosophy." But Yeats' dichotomy of "subjective" and "objective" is used by him continually; it is an important aspect of *A Vision* and of (*e.g.*) his explanations of his bird symbolism. Whether or not it is misleading for a reader who is ignorant of Yeats' meaning is not the point.

(2) He derides Mr. Wilson's "failure to distinguish clearly between a philosopher like Plotinus" (is there such a one?) and "all the charlatans and dullards who abound in Neo-Platonism." It would be interesting if Mr. Kermode would specify these. But it is not the value of Neo-Platonism that is to be questioned by Mr. Kermode, or defended by Mr. Wilson (since, whatever Mr. Kermode may assert, Mr. Wilson's ultimate purpose is not to make absolute claims for the Neo-Platonic synthesis, but to explain some of Yeats' obscurest plays and poems); it is the fact that a long sequence of noble poetry is related to it, and this cannot be dismissed by Mr. Kermode as a "vulgar misunderstanding of Plato."

(3) Mr. Kermode suggests that "a lot of people have been feeling that it would be good to have some impressive substitute for the hatefully efficient symbolic systems of the sciences." Who are these people, and why this antithesis? And what is the meaning of the last seven words? Surely the point is that Yeats himself tried to make his symbolism systematic in making it what he calls "traditional" (Mr. Wilson quoted Yeats' own statements on this issue, at length, in his first chapter), and that it is therefore a legitimate scholarly project to investigate how far a systematic symbology does indeed inform or underlie the "words on the page." Yeats' system grew as he had wished (see, for instance, *A Vision* (A), p. xi) and involved also a system of *thought*, which is in the last resort a mythologem perceived as a substitute for, or complementary to, Christianity. Mr. Wilson therefore investigates Yeats' thought also, though whether or not we accept it is not the issue, as he makes plain: "It is a very easy matter for the ecstatic (Yeats) to believe. We need not, of course, believe with him" (p. 25). What he requires is that we inform ourselves as though we shared Yeats' beliefs, so that there may be no sense in which his intentions can escape us.

(4) Mr. Kermode appears to attack commentary which makes use of a poem's sources—"a method of exegesis not academically respectable." This may be Mr. Kermode's view, and it is phrased to do the utmost possible injustice to Mr. Wilson's book. But can any serious critic sustain the proposition that a consideration of sources is irrelevant as a first step to understanding? What of Shakespeare and Donne; or Shelley as his mind is laid bare in Mr. Neville Rogers' brilliant book?

(5) This discussion of sources is, we are told, the work of "kidnappers" who "are after a wisdom literature to comfort them in a hateful world by apocalyptic prophecy." One does not know here

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who the "kidnappers" may be, and whether Mr. Kermode has in mind, say, Mr. Wingfield Digby or Dr. Austin Farrer as well as Professor Saurat? If so it is the wildest nonsense, and wilder English, to write of them in this way.

But what emerges from the review would seem to be one clear issue: are we qualified to understand poetry, in its fullest sense, by reading only the words on the page? This I take to be the meaning of Mr. Kermode's phrase, "It is the body of the poem that thinks, not something ghostly inside it." We may not think the metaphor an entirely happy one, for the "ghostly" is an intrinsic part of the poem; being, as Yeats knew, the traditional imagery that he had re-made, discarded, established, precisely as it served his purpose. It is Mr. Wilson's case that both the poem *per se*, and its traditional imagery, are present in the final response. Where that meaning is obscure without the key (and Yeats makes it clear that he did on occasion deliberately withhold this) then it is legitimate, surely, to use knowledge which can be shown, by Mr. Wilson's dispute, to be relevant; as, for example, with *The Herne's Egg*, *Cuchulain Comforted*, the second stanza of *Byzantium*, *News for the Delphic Oracle*. (Mr. Wilson may be either right or wrong when he goes on to affirm that his method will be useful over the whole range of Yeats' poetry. We can hardly decide until we have his sequel.)

Mr. Kermode affects to believe—on what authority I do not know—that Yeats would not have approved of the prospect that his work would one day be shown to be consistent, a unity. There is ample evidence in his own work that this is not so. The method Mr. Wilson uses, of relating obscure works to their traditional sources in order to obtain fuller understanding, is in fact that which Yeats practised in his exegetical studies of Blake and Shelley, and in his discussion of certain painters: for example, Botticelli.

I do not defend all of Mr. Wilson's interpretations, nor agree always with the emphasis he places on particular poems. I do assert that this book will one day be seen to have enlarged our understanding of Yeats. I deny wholly that, in the hands of any serious student of Yeats, it can be labelled as "pernicious."

T. R. Henn
St. Catherine's College
Cambridge

[*Mr. Kermode replies:*]

First of all, Mr. Henn takes objection to statements I did not make. I did not identify Mr. Wilson's view "as that of the 'Cambridge' school"; I made no reference to such a school, and attach no meaning to the term. However, I did gather from Mr. Wilson's book that there were other writers in Cambridge engaged upon enquiries similar to his own, and any inaccuracy or naïveté in my reference to them must be imputed to Mr. Wilson and not to me. Again, Mr. Henn represents me as expressing the view that it is improper to write a commentary which makes use of a poem's sources. I do not hold this view, nor do I see how it can be inferred from what I wrote. I tried to show that Mr. Wilson treats poems as commentaries on their sources, and I should have expected Mr. Henn to disapprove of this.

As to the "subjective tradition," I continue to think my mild complaint about this misleading title was justified. Mr. Henn is surely wrong in supposing that every reader of this book will know in advance that the words are used in a special way; the author himself rightly assumes much ignorance about these matters, and his book is not a monograph published obscurely for the benefit of specialists. This opening chapter reflects, because it stays so close to Yeats' reading, what I think we may still call the random nature of the poet's studies. For example, it is arguable that the Neo-Platonic philosophers who most affected European art and literature were Ficino and Pico; but Mr. Wilson has nothing to say of them, presumably because Yeats had so little.

Speaking of the view that the tradition corrupts Plato, I had in mind historians of philosophy who hold it. Since their opinion is at least plausible, it does not seem extravagant to say that "some" might question what is now made of the symbolic systems which depend upon the tradition. As to Mr. Henn's view that there are no dull or fraudulent Neo-Platonic practitioners, this will have to remain an interesting but at present irrelevant point of disagreement between us. For the crux of our difference is simple enough. Mr. Henn states categorically that Mr. Wilson's "ultimate purpose" is to explain Yeats, not to make "absolute claims" for the "Neo-Platonic synthesis"; I, on the other hand, do not see how this belief can survive a reading of the book. If Mr. Wilson did not wish to make high claims for the "philosophy," or to make his valuation of the poet depend upon Yeats' adherence to it, he should not have made those claims or that valuation. (Incidentally, if Mr. Henn will not agree that these claims are made, he will hardly be interested in my guesses as to why they are made; but if I must name an efficient symbolic system used by the sciences, may I tentatively suggest mathematics?)

This difference of opinion about the ultimate object of the book being all we have to argue about, I must repeat what I said twice in the review, hoping to avert irrelevant comment: that there is "no conceivable" objection to using sources in the exegesis of poems. But there are wrong ways of doing it, and it is a possible method of "kidnapping." To abstract a total Neo-Platonic meaning from a poem is just such an illegitimate act; and Yeats thought so, too. My point about there (not being some separable ghost of meaning I made by paraphrasing Yeats himself, and since Mr. Henn, of all people, cannot have failed to notice this, he will not require me to set out such familiar material in detail. If Mr. Wilson had shown any sign of understanding this issue—of understanding what Yeats meant when he said that "man can embody truth but he cannot know it,"—for instance—his book would not have deserved such hard words.

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Mr. Henn concludes by denying that the book is pernicious "in the hands of any serious student of Yeats." If "serious student" means a reader experienced enough to remove the bait without taking the hook, I fully agree. Perhaps this highly qualified conclusion means that Mr. Henn would not contest the view that in other readers the book may indicate a view of Yeats, perhaps even of poetry in general, which is harmful.

Philadelphia

ANGRY gossip is not the equivalent of balanced historical judgment, and Mr. Lukacs' intemperate, inaccurate, and insultingly antagonistic picture of Philadelphia (February issue) rarely rises above the level of angry gossip. Written superficially, carelessly, and with a personal animus which makes one wonder how Mr. Lukacs has managed to bear a twelve years' sojourn in the city, his article substitutes name-calling for satire, criticism, observation, or understanding.

Slyly hinting that Germanic influences are less desirable than Anglo-Saxon ones, he develops a series of far-fetched analogies to show how German Philadelphia really is. While it is true that from its earliest days the city had a high percentage of German-speaking inhabitants, it is also true that the abandonment of their native culture by these Germans for the predominant, more socially acceptable English mores amounted even in the eighteenth century to a mass sociological flight. The comparison of the city policemen, who look just like policemen in most other American cities, to the beach patrol at Swinemünde is absurd, and completely overlooks the fact that a considerable number of the Philadelphia cops are Negroes.

Every sentence but the last of the pretentious footnote about the Philadelphia Jews is untrue. The early Philadelphia Jews, almost without exception, were of Central European origin. Most of the Spanish and Portuguese families who came there lived in the city as refugees from British-occupied New York, Newport, and Charleston only for several years at the end of the Revolution. One tennis-playing Seixas, a descendant of a Jewish family originally from New York, did live in Philadelphia. If the Madeiras, Lavinos, and Markoes were of Sephardic extraction, their ancestors abandoned Judaism long before arriving in America. No Jews with those names were ever known in the city.

Mr. Lukacs states that "Agnes Repplier was one of the finest essayists of American literary history," and that her own Philadelphia is responsible for her present place in limbo. The fact is that, except in Philadelphia, Mr. Lukacs never would have heard of Miss Repplier at all. Eakins, far from being unrecognised by his fellow-citizens, was commissioned by them to execute most of his greatest paintings and was chosen by them to be director of the schools of its Academy of the Fine Arts. It is only in comparatively recent times that he has been acclaimed elsewhere.

The final contrast between the spirit of Penn and the Spirit of Franklin can only be dismissed as the result of the most superficial kind of historical reading. The story of Penn as Proprietor of Pennsylvania is an unhappy one of a never-ending struggle between landlord and tenant, between governor and governed. Penn's "extraordinarily sensible" Charter of Liberties for Pennsylvania was largely the product of the lawyer David Lloyd and was extorted from Penn by great political pressure. The 1776 Constitution of Pennsylvania was by no means Franklin's. In fact, the intolerant test oath written into it was opposed by him. Mr. Lukacs, for his own purposes, idealises Penn, and accepts Franklin as he has been pictured by the Washington Square advertising men who Mr. Lukacs in all else scorns so bitterly.

Since Mr. Lukacs is by profession a historian, and since his knowledge of Philadelphia history is so manifestly defective, one may well wonder how sound are his personal judgments. He beats everything and everyone over the head as indiscriminately as Punch in a puppet show. He does not like Philadelphia's mansard-style City Hall; some distinguished architects do. He calls Lewis Mumford's studies of the city "a couple of pompous architectural articles"; the *New Yorker*, and a number of Mr. Mumford's peers consider them excellent. He prefers "the old and lovable gas lamps" to modern street lighting; the people in the neighbourhood think differently.

One looks in vain for anything pleasant, favourable, constructive, incisive, or objective. Philadelphia, like every old urban area, has outgrown its history, its traditions, and the blueprints of yesterday's city-planners. In many areas, politically, socially, culturally, æsthetically, and economically, it can be improved. On the other hand, it has a kind of dynamism of its own; it is sometimes odd with distinction; it is frequently great. Having printed a worm's-eye view of the city, perhaps ENCOUNTER owes its readers a panorama from some higher vantage point.

EDWIN WOLF 2nd
The Library Company of Philadelphia

The Australian Myth in England

AN expatriate Australian I must dissociate myself from the pretty unconvincing archaisms Mr. Colin MacInnes has erected in his prescription for an Australian myth. . . . I find it difficult to swallow the indigestible claim that a people must have its mythological heroes before it can begin to exist at all. I suppose there are occasions when an Australian sees himself *qua* Australian, but I suspect this is an experience mainly of the expatriate. Surely the ordinary "practical" Australians can identify themselves with Harry Lime, or Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*, or Natasha in *War and Peace* as well as anyone else in the world. However, swallowing this mouthful, are Mr. MacInnes and other expatriates (Nolan, in particular) realistic in their choice of Australian heroes? Do Australians see themselves enshrined in the image of Ned Kelly? I think they do not. And if they did, is this

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the sort of hero artists should recommend? Again, I think not.

If the ordinary Australians ever think of Ned Kelly they write him off with Davy Crockett and the rest of those "noble" frontiersmen and Wild Westerners as kids' stuff. They do not see him as an admirable symbol of anarchism or rebellion in a world of corrupt authority and conformity, as is suggested by the surrealist treatment of Nolan's paintings. I suspect it is Mr. MacInnes' reverence for such symbols which causes him to subscribe to the historical untruths that Ned Kelly "fought the whole government of the colony of Victoria" and that all the "wild colonial boys" (whoever they may have been) were solidly behind him. But surely this is the utmost perversity, to seek heroism in a gun-packing cocky farmer who graduated from horse-stealing to murder. Some members of the Victorian Police Force were corrupt but murder is hardly a method of reform....

And again, what realism is there in Ray Lawler's Roo, with his final sentimental and escapist urge to go outback in that golden Continent which he claimed, quite absurdly, as his own? Most Australians live in cities or towns, and of those that do not, most would like to. I wonder, too, how many of these neatly municipalised Australians would feel that a décor of drought and fire and brolga and wombat, or of anything else from their "age of innocence," was even plausible? What "hero of the stone-age" would appeal to these urban dwellers, except in a vague, "archaic" sort of way? What "ancient wisdoms" could they teach us? And as for the 150,000 convicts, what vestige of their influence is traceable in modern Australian sentiment? And what Australians care about convict descent is anyone's business.

It seems, therefore, that Mr. MacInnes and other expatriates are appealing more to an Englishman's idea of an Australian myth rather than presenting viable images or "high conceptions" for the "practical men" of Australia....

NANCY BUCHDAHL

Cambridge

Mikes and Siam

I FOUND the tone of George Mikes' "Letter from Bangkok" (ENCOUNTER, February) most irritatingly superior and his remarks on film production in Siam unfair to the Siamese.

It is true that Siamese film producers used to make, and on occasions still make, a single copy of a film and provide the sound by what is known as "live-dubbing." The film is made in ordinary 16-mm. Kodachrome, the type used by amateurs, and a team of three travel with the film wherever it is shown to speak the parts, do the sound effects, and play incidental music on a turn-table. They are very highly skilled and the result is nothing like as un-professional as one would imagine. Siam has no market overseas for her films and her domestic market is very small. Hence this economical way of making films and providing sound for them....

The real story is that in the last four years film production in Siam has grown in quantity and quality, as it has done in every other Asian country. The development has been on thorough-going professional lines and some films are being made on a co-production basis with film makers in Hong Kong and the Philippines in an effort to reach a wider market. Siam has entered strong competition at all the Asian Film Festivals since 1952 and on one occasion carried off two major awards with an Eastmancolor film called "Santa Vina" against entries from Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Indonesia, and Malaya.

TOM HODGE

Cathay Film Services Ltd.
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Amis' New Novel

MR. HOUGH'S novel reviews are lively and readable. But he must avoid letting the liveliness become factitious. There is no point in taking up a critic on his *opinions*; and if he dislikes Mr. Amis' novels, fair enough. But his method of argument (ENCOUNTER, March) seems to call for some comment. In the first place—a very primitive fault—Mr. Hough attributes to Mr. Amis personally, all the views of his leading characters. This may be correct, but it can scarcely just be *assumed*. (Personally I should have thought that a note of irony could be detected here and there by those capable of detecting notes of irony.) Then, on the book's subject matter. "Full" of lavatories? About one page in two hundred, in fact, which an ordinary reader like myself barely noticed. Surely the critic whose sense of proportion is so shattered by a brief passage on this traditional and legitimate theme is the one who might reasonably be described as obsessed with it, and not the writer? But the basic flaw in Mr. Hough's attitude can be seen in his view that *Lucky Jim*, being a "funny book," does not "have much to do with literature." Belloc complained that a great fault of women was their confusion of levity with frivolity. It seems to be a critic's fault too: "Mr. Rabelais' book has some funny passages (though obsessed with scatological humour), but of course it has nothing to do with literature." The notion that Literature consists of cultured and refined books and that coarse and philistine ones are beyond the pale (producing a generation of critics quite capable of rating Henry James above Mark Twain) is precisely the justification for Mr. Amis' attitude. In fact Mr. Hough can scarcely be expected to admire Mr. Amis' novels for much the same reason that the original of Scrooge would hardly have been a keen Dickens fan.

ROBERT CONQUEST

London, S.W.7

Yugoslavia

YOUR angry young man's opinion on monarchy proves only that he is an ignoramus of history. I would advise him to study history more, beginning with yours....

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And how it is in Yugoslavia? We are now a republic too. When there is a state dinner at the former Royal palace, we are forced to go over to the opposite pavement. When the King ruled and stayed there, it was never forbidden to use the pavement which sides the palace. The enchanted island of Brioni is a forbidden territory for ordinary Yugoslav citizens. It was not when it belonged to Habsburg or Savoya.

I will not mention what our "republicans" did when they came to power—thanks to our allies, Western and Eastern ones—twelve years ago. They do not intend to relax—as many have hoped in the West—but go on to be cruel. The latest sentences against two former socialists—both over seventy years old, and one of them with already ten years' prison record under Tito's rule—is the best proof. What have they done? One of them has written a book on Yugoslavia, but it was not published either here or abroad, but put in the drawer waiting for better times, as many in Italy under Mussolini's rule and in Germany under Hitler's waited their time. *Gedanken sind Zollfrei*, says a German juridical proverb. And so it is in the obsolete English Monarchy but not in modern Eastern republics. Mr. Bevan, once very welcome, now is denied entering Yugoslavia. The same comrades were once delighted to see him and now, not at all delighted. *O tempora, O mores.*

The two old socialists, now imprisoned—probably as socialists, they were republicans—can now woefully constate: *"Que la République était belle sous le Royaume."*

NOMEN NESCIO

Belgrade

"Dear Little Noddy"

IT WAS pleasing to read Colin Welch's article on that prize ass Noddy. Of course, while admiring the comprehensive research Mr. Welch has done to put his article together, I fancy he knows as well as the rest of your parental readers that it is not necessary to tolerate Noddy in one's life. One simply makes it clear to all present-givers that he is taboo —though, it is true, mistakes can occur. The one person I hadn't thought to warn, being my sister and a graduate, who should know better, sent along the same book from which Mr. Welch has drawn all his examples and quotations. So I take it he suffered a similar misfortune. I particularly deplored the golliwogs being made villains, and was surprised to find this dated expression of colour prejudice.

The worst having happened, two courses are open to the parent obliged to read aloud the sickening stuff. One can translate the colourless language, alter the dialogue, and correct the grammar as one goes along (funny thing, in an article a year ago in the *Sunday Times*, Miss Blyton complained of the nuisance of having to translate Beatrix Potter), or one can read it so badly and make it so dreary that the child does not ask for a repeat performance. I found after a few weeks I was able to hide the offensive thing; then, when no enquiry happened, to burn it. I was going to pass it on to a family of seven down the road, but on second thoughts this seemed immoral....

MARY CECIL

Birmingham, 30

Men and Apes

THE MORE I read ENCOUNTER—and I cannot refrain from doing so—the more do I feel that I live in so different a world from some of your contributors that it is hard to believe that we are men of the same age and nation. I wonder how many other of your constant and grateful readers enjoy these glimpses of the hitherto unknown.

Here is Mr. Hampshire, for instance, in his most interesting review of Mr. Eliot's new book (ENCOUNTER, January), saying that Mr. Eliot's tone is that of "a sensible, unpretending, humorous, Christian gentleman, who is not to be taken in by theories and by intellectual enthusiasms, who cites the classics and who certainly has his favourites, but who also wants to be fair to everybody...." Well, quite so: and as I read I thought that this was a commendatory portrait of the sort of reader I myself try to be.

But no! incredibly—to me—all this is pejorative. I gather that it produces an "urbane flow of apparent contradictions and evasions." Apparent to whom? Of course to your reviewer, and he is entitled to his opinions.

But does he think that a better book would have come from a senseless, pretentious, humourless, pagan cad, who *is* taken in by theories and by intellectual enthusiasms, who quotes no classical authors and has no favourites among them, but who wants to be unfair to everybody, including even Milton?

I think that Common Sense, Unpretentiousness, Humour, Christianity (yes, and gentlemanliness), Not Being Taken In By Theories And Enthusiasms, Liking Classics, and Being Fair are Good Things, distinguishing an adult, civilised man from a trousered ape.

Mr. Hampshire seems not to. Well, well....

LIONEL GOUGH

Axford, Wiltshire

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BOOKS

Long Haul to Where?

THE wish to be rid of the burdens and fears of cold war and H-bomb "defence" is widespread, natural, and entirely reasonable. It is indeed the declared intent of all the Western leaders, whatever their gloomier glosses; and there is a clamour of less official recipes, ranging from all sorts of programmes for disarmament and plans for disengaging forces from the perilous frontiers in mid-Europe to pleas for contracting out, morally and militarily, from the whole predicament. Can it be done is the question? Mr. Worsthorne says No.* His thoughtful and spirited essay is dedicated to two propositions. The first is that no diplomatic negotiation, still less any agreement, is possible with "revolutionary" Russia. (His argument is, circularly, that since diplomacy is by definition only possible between states that recognise the same rules, it is not possible between states that do not recognise the same rules.) The second proposition is that any pseudo-agreement with the Russians must be a defeat for the West. His conclusion is, or should be, that nothing can be done; the present state of affairs is the best possible. Clearly his arguments, though addressed particularly to the advocates of disengagement, apply logically to disarmament as well. Perhaps, in his pessimism, he comes nearest, oddly enough, to Sir Stephen King-Hall and Canon Collins. The only alternative to the "status quo" is a military and political capitulation.

Actually, Mr. Worsthorne is not quite convinced by his own arguments. "There are indeed," he says, "a wide variation of marginal changes, even marginal disengagement along the lines once suggested by Sir Anthony Eden, that can be made without sacrificing our basic position." He accepts the prospect that there will be talks. He admits that "possibly disengagement would remove some existing causes of tension, some potential fuses"; and that "if all worked out according to plan, disengagement would mean the end of a cold war, as the cause of a cold war—namely, Russian penetration, political and military—would have to come to an end." But would it come to an end? That is the query he puts—as others must. Mr. Worsthorne calls in the testimony of his opponent in this dialogue, Mr. Denis Healey: "Unless you can satisfy both the West and the Russians that there is a practical way of intervening to prevent a violation of the zone's neutrality, both sides are likely to feel that the new situation would be less stable and less secure than the existing one."

Here, of course, is the crux of the matter. Mr. Healey and others have argued that, with the Western and Russian forces and weapons both withdrawn from central Europe, a threefold sanction would still remain against re-entry. This would be, in ascending order, local defence forces; the continuing power of N.A.T.O. westward of the neutral zone; and the nuclear deterrent itself. Mr. Worsthorne rules all these out. The Russians would not allow the neutral countries to be armed and westernised; N.A.T.O. would itself dissolve, militarily at any rate, into neutrality; and the Americans would go home to defend themselves. In consequence, the potential Russian predominance in all Europe would become actual by intimidation and piecemeal subversion, if not by attack. "The whole structure of security and defence which the West has carefully built up would have been destroyed with nothing to take its place."

No one can deny that this *could* happen. Sir Stephen King-Hall and Canon Collins, who wish in their different ways to dismantle

* *Dare Democracy Disengage?* By PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE. Conservative Political Centre. 1s. 6d.

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deliberately the whole structure of Western security and defence, are prepared to face this consequence and make their plans, moral and psychological, accordingly. But Mr. Healey is no more willing than Mr. Worsthorne to accept it; nor indeed is Professor Kennan, who really touched off this debate. Those who have proposed disengagement not as a set plan but as a desirable objective of policy, to be sought perhaps through a long period of difficult and often frustrating negotiation, wish not to weaken but to strengthen our security and defence. The pillars of security and defence in the past decade are the buttresses which a quarter of a century ago were lacking: that is, the willingness of the Atlantic countries to be armed in peace-time, and the commitment of the United States. Any plan, whether for disengagement or disarmament, which wrecked these now would indeed defeat itself.

Here at any rate, Mr. Worsthorne and Mr. Healey agree. The disagreement between them is about what is possible and what is likely—and about what is desirable. Mr. Worsthorne is not only convinced that the Russians would neither accept any revision of the present cold war frontiers that would benefit the West nor observe the neutrality of the new middle zone; he is also, pragmatically, content with the partition of Europe as it is. "The central tenet of Western foreign policy has been that the only way to contain the Soviet Union is to block her advance by stationing Western troops face to face with the Red Army." This confrontation is not only necessary to hold back the Russians; it is also necessary to keep the ragged armies of the West in line and up to scratch (which, to be frank, they are not even now). Nothing less will keep N.A.T.O. in being and the Americans in Europe. So the Russians must remain in Germany—for the West's own security. The expedient which was forced upon the Western countries by the Russian advance (which is another and more accurate description of what Mr. Worsthorne calls "the central tenet of Western policy") becomes a permanent necessity until Russia ceases to be revolutionary.

It is not necessary to agree with the contention of some disengagers that the present confrontation is itself an invitation to early conflagration and disaster in order to demur from the proposition that it is, in itself, to be desired. The argument in all this is, as so often, not between left and right but between sceptics (whether of the left or of the right) and utopians (whether of the left or of the right). Mr. Worsthorne, sensibly enough, is a sceptic. He does not trust the Russians. He also does not trust the allies; he can see nothing more likely than the present tensions to hold fallible democratic allies together. Mr.

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Healey, if not a utopian, is at any rate an optimist. He believes that the Russians have now an interest in going back, and in allowing central Europe to have at least an "Austrian" existence of its own. Professor Kennan, it should be noted, is not a utopian. He is at least as much of a sceptic as Mr. Worsthorne, and of a similarly conservative cast of mind. Certainly he does not trust the Russians. All that he asks is this: that the Western governments should at least be ready to re-examine their purposes, political as well as military, in the light of their own interests, and then to seek, by the long, painful paths of diplomatic effort, to achieve them bit by bit, as far as proves possible. Of the Russians he has written in words that Mr. Worsthorne himself might have used: "basic hostility," "never-ending abuse," "shameless distortion," "cynical principles," "sharp, ruthless, political tactics." "With people whose state of mind is what I have just described," he said in one Reith lecture, "no intimacy or understanding is really possible. There is only one sort of thing that can be usefully said to them and that is: what we would be prepared to do, and what we would not be prepared to do, in specific contingencies."

Here, indeed, is no utopian plan for disengagement, disarmament—or summit talks; there never has been anything like that in what Professor Kennan has said. What he does want to know—and this surely is the central question in this great debate—is: "What would we be prepared to do, and what would we not be prepared to do, in specific contingencies?" Mr. Worsthorne says, or nearly says: Nothing. But this cannot be the final answer. It cannot even be the answer at this moment in the mind of any responsible Western statesman or politician. It cannot be true that the present status quo, which came about by accident, and is all the time changing anyhow, is itself the answer—though at present it looks mightily in Russia's (not the West's) interest to keep it. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Worsthorne says, that if, in removing the fuses in central Europe," we create an even more explosive situation to take their place, clearly it would be a foolish bargain." But this is a caution not a conclusion. Nor indeed can it be a conclusion; the so-called status quo will be very different, central Europe and Germany will be very different, weapons will be very different, in only five years' time.

What do we in the West want of the future for our security and for our own aspirations? What do we want for central Europe—and for Germany? What are we prepared to do to achieve what we want? These are the questions raised by the disengagement debate—which is only part of the much larger debate which embraces disarmament and the peace that is still out of sight. Mr. Worsthorne who conducts his polemic with a very decent and fair restraint, flares up only at the end of his essay. Then he charges his adversaries with being "bored with waiting to begin, impatient for their diplomatic game." But who, really, is bored and impatient with waiting? Is it not the despairing Mr. Worsthorne? Certainly the chronic failing of democracies is to weaken on the way. Mr. Worsthorne is quite right to fear that false hopes could breed a new lassitude and indifference in face of a persisting danger. But the "long haul" means more than standing to arms through the years; it also means never weakening, through repeated failure and disappointment, in the quest—however remote its success may seem—for a surer peace.

Donald Tyerman

Céline at the End of the Night

D'un Château L'Autre, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. *Gallimard*. 850 frs.

In his recent book, *L'Opium des Intellectuels*, Raymond Aron commented on the ideological inflexibility which is the besetting fault of so many French writers. But, in devoting his study mostly to the Communists and their fellow-travellers, M. Aron developed only one aspect of the problem. For if there is a left-wing orthodoxy in France, deriving from the myth of the French Revolution, there is also a corresponding tradition of right-wing radicalism which draws its heritage from Bonapartism, that bastard child of the Revolution. Here I am not concerned with recent popular demonstrations of the enduring strength of this tendency (shown particularly in Poujadism and in the disputes over Algeria) but rather with the fact that, if many French writers have maintained their allegiance to Communism in spite of the Siberian prison camps and in spite of Hungary, there are others who have maintained just as steadfastly, in spite of defeat and public hostility, the attitudes which almost two decades ago led them to collaborate with the Vichy government. Beside the self-blinding obstinacy of an Aragon one can place that of a Montherlant; each is dominated by a loyalty to his own past that defies reason and admits of no genuine interest.

Indeed, one of the interesting facts about the post-war period in France is the relative scarcity of genuine admissions of error on the part of collaborationist writers who have since regained some of their standing as men of letters. When they do talk of the past, it tends to be in terms of apology rather than confession, and in the

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case of one interesting recent example, Louis-Ferdinand Céline's *D'Un Château L'Autre*, the tone is acrid with mingled bitterness and self-righteousness. Yet the book is important, not only for its portrayal of the final stages of the Vichy government after it had been driven into exile on the Danube, but also for the light it throws on the attitude of Céline himself, one of the most talented and untypical of the collaborationist writers.

The novels by which Céline gained his reputation during the 1930's, *Journey to the End of the Night* and *Death on the Instalment Plan*, were striking, disturbing, and influential books. By the use of a harsh and colloquial prose—later imitated by such writers as Sartre and Simenon—Céline made his style a manifestation of the nihilistic iconoclasm which he directed, not only at modern society as a whole, but also at his own characters. The latter he showed almost invariably as the prisoners of social necessity, the slaves of moral and physical decay. One of them, the feckless, amoral Robinson in *Journey to the End of the Night*, with his tragic confusion of irresponsibility and freedom, is the prototype of the existentialist anti-hero, of those victims of their own lack of purpose who people the novels of Camus. The narrator of the same novel (an evident self-portrait of Céline) is caught with Robinson and other characters in a web of complicity over a murder which has to be concealed, and their situation becomes a symbol of the way in which all men are tricked by the circumstances of their lives into sharing the responsibility for society's crimes.

We are, Céline suggests, both criminals and victims. Our efforts to stand out as individuals are meaningless; the most massive and at the same time the most hollow of Céline's characters is Courtial des Pereires, the popular-science expert in *Death on the Instalment Plan*, who poses his way through a life of confidence tricks and, when failure and exposure are finally inevitable, commits suicide. Pereires has become his own pretences; the man with another name who exists beneath them is so atrophied that, once the masks are stripped away, he can only cease to exist. For each man in Céline's world, life begins in the daylight of simplicity, and ends in the darkness of age and corruption; this goes on in cyclic repetition for almost as many lives as there are men to live them. In such an existence love has no lasting meaning; a passing passion, a transient warmth can exist between people, but any permanent relationship ends in mutual destruction.

Yet, despite this bitter view of man's condition, the negation of Céline's earlier novels is not complete. Society is bad, life leads into the darkness, but here and there, shining like minor stars, we meet simple, natural people who have somehow remained uncorrupted. They are, it must be admitted, Céline's least convincing characters—Dickensian saints who have given up their lives to tending orphaned children, prostitutes as golden-hearted as those of Dostoevsky—and they are portrayed with that sentimentality which is usually to be found at some level in association with nihilism. But the very fact that they exist is significant; against the society which he hates and the victims he pities, Céline poses here and there his ideal of the individual of gentle feelings and uncomplicated mind—an ideal not far removed from the natural man beloved of the Enlightenment and admired, significantly, by Swift, a writer with whom Céline has much in common.

Many aspects of Céline's writings during the 1930's made it at first seem surprising that he should become a collaborationist. On first reading, his novels seemed to be written by a devoted anti-militarist, a critic of colonialism, a friend of the poor and the humble, who condemned existing society and current standards of morality. But one should not ignore the conservatism implied in the attitude of the man who criticises modern society in favour of a more simple and more "natural" existence. Moreover,

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A cheerful-looking young London doctor, JOHN PLAYFAIR, looks like coming third in the Amis-Braine sequence. The hero of his novel *Pursued by a Bear* is perhaps the first wholly Genial Young Man—Austin Whitish, reluctant young rubber-broker with tastes that run to vintage cars, Brahms, Baudelaire and horsey girls. The scene—London in 1958, its offices, concert halls, bedrooms, studios, hospitals. The style—all the author's own.

Wait for it, please. *Pursued by a Bear*, by John Playfair, though recommended by the Book Society, cannot be published before mid May. Jacket by ffolkes. 15*s. net*

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as Camus has shown convincingly in *L'Homme Révolté*, and as we have seen in the examples of such British writers as Bernard Shaw and Wyndham Lewis, there is a certain type of intellectual iconoclast whose anger arises largely from his inability to dominate and change his world and who therefore admires the strong man, the dictator-hero who seems able to cut ruthlessly through the tangled knots of social problems. Céline clearly belongs to this type; the very extremity of despair that emerged in his earlier works suggested that in his view life could only be changed, if at all, by some social apocalypse, and it was the apocalyptic element in Nazism that appealed to him. During the days before he became disillusioned with his wartime associates, he seems indeed to have foreseen the paradoxical possibility of a reign of something approaching social justice in a Europe dominated by men who appeared to share his own quasi-Nietzschian contempt for orthodox morality.

Unfortunately, *D'Un Château L'Autre* does not give us a great deal of enlightenment on the reasoning that turned Céline into a collaborator; it is rather the record of the last and disillusioning phase of his association with the Vichy régime. Céline has, indeed, always been a largely autobiographical writer, relying on direct experience for most of his material, but in *D'Un Château L'Autre*, though it is called a novel on the title page, even the pretence of fiction is dropped to such an extent that Céline, in his own name, is both narrator and central figure.

His account begins in the present, more than a decade after the war's end, when we encounter him, a prematurely aged man of sixty-three, carrying on a medical practice in a Parisian suburb. He is still pursued by hatred inspired by his wartime record; his few patients are the old and the very poor, his books no longer sell, his fellow writers mostly ignore him, and he is so fearful of violence that he lives surrounded by watch-dogs. One day the fever contracted in Africa when he was a young man returns, and as he lies in his bed the past runs through his mind in a half-hallucinatory series of memories. He remembers the long months when he lay in the solitary, scurvy-ridden confinement of a Danish prison after the end of the war, while his jailers tried to force him to confess to unlikely treasons. And from a deeper layer he recalls the days before Germany finally collapsed, when the Pétain government waited in the old Hohenzollern castle of Siegmaringen, while the Free French forces of General Leclerc moved steadily nearer.

Depressing, and at times almost unreadable, *D'Un Château L'Autre* pushes Céline's nihilistic tendencies to the edge of disintegration. The disjointed prose, elliptical and verbose at the same time, grates with an unredeemed ugliness and, by its own lack of genuine flow, underlines the general lack of development in Céline's narrative. The undeveloped form in turn emphasises the unreality of the vision presented. Céline has always been fascinated by the hallucinations produced in states of physical abnormality, and the use of a bout of fever as the framework for the action of *D'Un Château L'Autre* gives both incidents and characters a peculiarly phantasmagorical quality, so that the recollections he presents seem rather the projections of nightmare than the experiences of actual life. It is true, of course, that the events described have their own air of fantasy. There is Abetz dreaming of a glorious return to Paris, to be celebrated by the erection of a colossal statue of Charlemagne to mark the unity of Europe. There is Pétain taking his solemn morning walk along the Danube, with his ministers following in strict precedence, as if they were something more than the rulers of a vanished realm of puppets. There is Céline himself, reproaching Laval for not having found him a suitable post and accepting a phantom Colonial Governorship from a government that has ceased to wield even the shadow of power. But Céline uses and emphasises these elements of fantasy to such an extent that throughout his narrative both men and motives retreat into the evasions of dreams.

The underlying sentiment of the book is certainly not regret on Céline's part for his own attitude during the war. Rather, it is anger at the associates who proved so disillusioning, at the heroes with clay feet, and grievance at the opponents who condemned him. All faith in humanity is ended; the natural man, one is led to conclude, does not exist, and the only beings for whom Céline shows unreserved sympathy are the cats and dogs who share his exile in Siegmaringen and his present isolation in France. They alone, he says in so many words, are innocent.

D'Un Château L'Autre, like *Guignol's Band*, will disappoint those who admired *Journey to the End of the Night*. Yet, just as one can draw from Céline's earlier novels the intellectual attitudes that help to explain his actions during the 1940's, so the tendency to deal iconoclastically with style, character, and every other aspect of the novel, already flourishing in the works of the 1930's, reaches its not unnatural end in the literary barrenness of this most recent work. There is a negative quality in the attitude of the iconoclast which is hostile to true creativity, and Céline's decline can be regarded as a case of the occupational disease which attacks many satirists who find that their progressive loss of positive feeling slowly robs their work of meaning. After

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all, one must have some hope of redeeming humanity if one is to scourge it with conviction; that hope Céline seems to have had in the past and to have lost completely to-day.

At the same time, I do not mean these remarks to suggest either that we can do without iconoclasts and satirists, or that in the 1930's Céline was anything less than an extremely vital writer who played a great part in awakening French fiction from the stagnation into which it had declined since the death of Proust.

George Woodcock

Mind in Action

Collected Poems. By MICHAEL ROBERTS. *Faber.* 18s.

Monologue of a Deaf Man. By DAVID WRIGHT. *André Deutsch.* 12s. 6d.

Poems. By ANTHONY CRONIN. *The Cresset Press.* 9s. 6d.

THE poems of Michael Roberts belong with a certain definite and seminal contribution made to English literature in the last thirty years by men of scientific training (Roberts' friend William Empson is another) and by other men who, though not strictly scientists, have approached literature with the scientist's enquiring energy, reforming zeal, strict refusal to compromise, and didactic concern for the health both of literature and society (*e.g.*, Richards, and, in the early days of *Scrutiny*, Leavis). The peculiar quality of such writers is not too easy to define, but is quite unmistakable: a strong empirical respect for fact (in the widest sense of the word) often combined with a humane largeness of interest, a sometimes uncomfortable integrity, a balance, and perhaps above all, a faith, which the tired, smooth, literary gent has grown lazy about or even despaired of.

In this kind of writer there is often to be found a passion for improving mankind, for communicating not just experience but standards for valuing it. Sometimes, too, we find in such writers a compensating love of a certain kind of physical activity, often climbing, a seeking of balance in action: *cf.*, T. E. Lawrence and certain aspects of the imaginary character of that other scholar and man of action, Michael Ransome, the climber-hero of that very thirtyish work, "The Ascent of F6." And if I may add a personal name, my own tutor, the late A. P. Rossiter, was by training a scientist, by profession a teacher of English at Cambridge (very much the home of this kind of mind), as well as being a scholar, a novelist, and an enthusiastic climber.

Further information on this very interesting aspect of the poet as man of action will be

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found in Miss Janet Adam Smith's introduction to the poems of Michael Roberts, which are now collected, nearly ten years after his death at the age of forty-six, for the first time. Those who read that introduction, and who have read or can get hold of the privately printed memoirs ("A Portrait of Michael Roberts") which came out when he died, will be reminded of a many-sided man, who was perhaps summed up by T. S. Eliot when, in his introduction to the "Portrait," he used the phrase "his isolated superiority": not of course to mean that Roberts was above the world—no man was more in it—but that he was an austere figure with an honesty, a sense of purpose, and serious and consistent values, which are rare in any age, and perhaps were particularly rare in the confused and propaganda-dominated 'thirties.

What sort of poems are these? To begin by saying the least that can be said, they are, like so much of the poetry of the 'thirties, extremely readable (by no means a quality to be sneered at nowadays). Some of the early poems (first published 1930) have the bleak glitter of diamond or high rock, a sense of the geography and the geology by which man can become aware of, and be strengthened by, the needs of his own isolation. In some of the landscapes we may be reminded of the early Auden, but Roberts is slower, his lyricism less eccentric, less private, less spectacular, drawing its creative strength, already, from deep sources of moral conviction to which his contemporaries in *New Signatures*, perhaps, found their way more slowly than he did. These are not Charing Cross Road pep-poems, of the kind preferred to-day for the long literary hang-over of existence, but capsules of a remarkably pure art, to be taken only by those who are not afraid of life and who are in search of strength and truth rather than mere temporary sensation.

But mind in action is machine
Quarrying stern and stubborn fact;
In rhythmic pulse and discipline
It shapes the firm and final act.

That quatrain from "Perspective"—many of the early poems are in these stanzas—illustrates the kind of quality I have been trying to write about: the deliberateness which at the same time is never heavy but always sharp and alert, defined as a razor-blade. Some of the early poems reveal a sense of the struggle and loneliness of the creative need and at the same time contrive it into shapes of great strength, a sort of finality which is yet alive in the way rock is alive beneath the climber's wary but advancing foot. And much of Roberts' imagery is drawn from earth, the elements, the world of nature "exact, appropriate, unforeseen."

By the time we reach the second group of poems, the 1936 ones, a more personal note is allowed in, an awareness in the poet of what the man and the teacher had long felt, the contrast between the hard purity of the geological, the mathematical world, its natural stability ("there is no quiet but the solid earth"), and the shabby and disastrous disorders of the social and political world of man: the contrast between the mountain and the pit:

I remember Sunday evenings, church bells
and cinemas
and clumsy trams
searching interminable streets
for quiet slums, the slums where I
remembering St. Gervais and the gorges,
linger, bringing
in the worn shell of air, the pines,
the white-cloud-vision of Mont Blanc, and up
beyond les Contamines, the seven shrines.

So we move on to the war-time poems of "Orion Marches," which contain Roberts' finest work. The poet and teacher surveys the world and asks

How can I teach, how can I save,
This child whose features are my own . . .
His eyes, acute and quick, are unprotected,
Unsandalled still, his feet run down the lane,
Down to that lingering horror in the brambles,
The limp crashed airman in the splintered
goggles.

The two worlds can no longer be held back from each other. "This soil will not breed again in our time": and perhaps only structure itself can survive. The honesty of these late poems, their thoughtfulness, their sense of responsibility, their care over meaning, make them date much less than some of the flashier 'thirties poems (*cf.* "Erwin" with some of Auden's ballads). This mood is continued into the last poems, now collected for the first time. Here there are autobiographical passages of great emotional sincerity and strength—*e.g.*, "'Already,' said my host," "For a Lost Leader," or these lines of affirmation in "The Images of Death":

To be human is to fall, but not stupidly,
To suffer, but not for a simple end;
To choose, and know the penalty of choice. . . .

The keynote of these poems, as, indeed, of the whole of Roberts' life and work, may be a line in "The World's End"—*"But, oh, my love, tenacity is all"*—and their final triumph the last stanza of "Death has its own reply":

Wisdom is death and transubstantiation,
A sudden glory in a world of pain,

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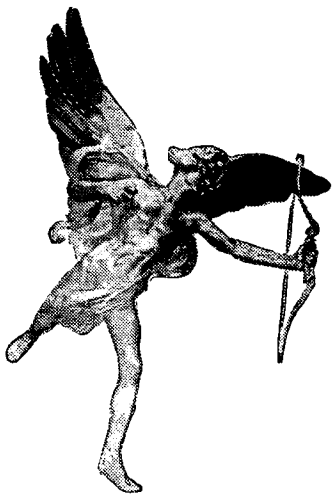

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This story of ruthless emotional blackmail, by the author of those two remarkable historical novels *The Golden Hand* and *The Twelve Pictures*, is a study in a contemporary setting. It would not be unfair to describe it as an intellectual horror story, the horror springing from a frightening analysis of the minds of two women. Gradually both motive and method are bared to the reader by means of a continuous inner dialogue in which every action, every spoken word is dissected—a procedure made not less shocking by the device of relating some of the most serious and harrowing incidents in terms of comedy.

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The world consuming and the world consumed:
And death has no reply.

Perhaps to-day more than ever we need to be refreshed by contact with poetry which expresses —as this book does—a sense of the heroic possibilities of man.

TO TURN from the substance and sustenance of Roberts' collected poems to the latest batch of slim volumes would normally be rather like getting up in the middle of a spiritual square meal and going over to one of those tables littered with the sort of cocktail tit-bits you find at the literary parties. Fortunately, however, Mr. David Wright's new collection, *Monologue of a Deaf Man*, contains an interesting and rewarding long poem which gives the reader more than somewhat to bite on. This is a "return journey" meditation called "A Voyage to Africa":

Since no persons and no places understand
Anyone so well, or with so many lies,
As those environs in which his life began,
There to return is not to be pleased, nor please,
Where each unpleasable ghost turns into man....

That is true, and finely said. The poem is notable for the way in which the vast landscapes and strange zoology of South Africa are presented and admired:

Cropping under rocks depending for their fall,
Sunlit, the prelapsarian creatures move;
In their incommunicable selfish toil
They praise what made them with no need to love
Or ever to manifest that praise at all....

After a rather slow mythological and historical start, the poem gains momentum as a voyage does when one is past the point of no return, and from half-way through section one until the end, "A Voyage to Africa" improves all the time and must finally be assessed as an impressive contribution to the long-poem form. Its excellence lies not only in its quiet technical assurance and humane wisdom, but also in its so obviously having a felt vision to communicate.

The other long poem in this book, "Thanksgiving," does not, I think, entirely justify its length. The poet's opening confession of being ill-at-ease with his chosen metre somehow stays in the mind to the detriment of what follows: one is not sure how seriously to take the poem, and the stanzas seem to hurry past us at random like things seen from a train. Now and then it looks as though we are really going to get down to it, but the language never quite—for me—clicks into place:

O long and derelict streets I still
Appear to wander in, you remain.
Memory leaves you marbled over
And, violable as viable
To each far gone and valid lover,
Stares where I nightly kept vigil....

Isn't "viable" one of those too-easy jargon words one ought to be careful of, especially if "valid" is coming up in the next line? It seems to me—and I notice this also in some of the shorter poems in this book—that Mr. Wright is at his strongest when at his most concrete (*e.g.*, the beautiful short poems on Venice and Cornwall) and at his weakest when he is attempting an Audenesque mixture of "occasional" light verse and generalisation.

To end with, a first volume, and a strongly recommended one. "Deserves to be widely read" isn't a phrase that springs readily to the mind of anyone who reads much contemporary verse: but Anthony Cronin's *Poems* combine precision,

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clarity, and unpretentious readability with a haunting actuality: time and again I felt, this isn't just literary felicity, but it *is* so, I have experienced it too, these are things I have been afraid to think, unable to say. Mr. Cronin writes in a variety of regular metres, but he is never arid, never pokes and tinkers at words, is never complacent or clever (people often forget how easy it is for a writer to be clever). His themes are the passionate loneliness of man, his fumbling, baffled search for contacts, his small hurts, his eternal disappointments. His touches of humour are so remarkably unbrash that they reminded me of E. M. Forster:

Courage takes different forms.
Proust stayed in bed,
Emily Dickinson at home.
Hawthorne stood on his head.

Or this:

Since we are told it we believe it's true,
Or does as it's intended. Birds eat worms,
The water flows downhill and aunts depart.

What might have been another series of poker-faced platitudes immediately turns into the delightful and the unexpected. Throughout this book there is a rare humility which never degenerates into sloppy mock-self-deprecation but remains steadily unselfish. The ending of "Apology" will illustrate this and will also show Mr. Cronin's success with a metre which in less sincere hands might be trivial:

But we who have climbed to the top of tall houses in winter
And heard in the gathering silence the limp of the clock,
Who dunned by our need through the days are unfailingly traitors
In sad and undignified ways to each circle of friends,
How can we praise in our poems the simplified heroes,
Or urge to the truth we can never be true to ourselves?
O love that forgives because needing forgiveness also
Forgive us that we have not lived through a virtuous day,
That we ask to be judged in the end by our own compassion,
Thief calling to thief from his cross with no Christ in between.

Each of the poems in this book makes an exact point, one that was worth making because the poet's emotional sincerity tells him that it is the truth about man in our time, not a private grievance or private curse; and the points are

Robert Spencer: Earl of Sunderland

DR. J. P. KENYON

This is a biography of the second Earl of Sunderland, the most notorious of those seventeenth-century statesmen who contrived to serve not only Charles II and James, but also William III. It is based on a five-year study of all the available sources, printed and unprinted. It was undertaken in the belief that however reprehensible a politician's character his policy may still be significant, and will certainly be interesting. Sunderland was at the very centre of high politics during most of the great political and constitutional crises of his time, and as Sir Winston Churchill, his direct descendant, has remarked, his was 'an astounding record, outstripping the fiercest hatreds, and mounting upon every form of error, treachery and disaster.' Dr. Kenyon's book makes fascinating reading and casts valuable new light on one of history's many misrepresented characters. *5 May 45s. net*

Excavations at Qumran

J. VAN DER PLOEG

The object of this book is to make clear to the reader the significance of the recent discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls in the Judean Desert. A book such as this must bear the hallmark of the year in which it was written, since new discoveries are still being made and publications of the findings have only started. However, in this book the historical background to the discoveries is given as well as an account of the actual discovery of the manuscripts and their significance. There is also a list of reading matter on the same subject which will help the reader to expand the knowledge derived from this book.
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Antarctic Night

LT.-CMDR. JACK BURSEY

The author has spent many years of his life in the polar regions, and the unique story of his exploits contrasts with the developments that have taken place in the exploration of the frozen wastes. *18s. net*

LONGMANS

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made *as* poems, not through them: "the child's belief in need is all we need," or "And all our search for words is one assertion: You would forgive me if I could explain." Mr. Cronin is especially good on the innocent, terrifying dreams and resentments of childhood, which remain with us after we have grown up: for example, "Biography," about the boy who

Dreamed of a future when love would reward his goodwill,
And all would combine to endorse who now with a sneer would destroy.

The last verse of that poem has the qualities of intelligence and sensitivity which poise and distinguish the work of this poet:

And this though he found before long what the others would hide
And knew that for all it is only the honest who speak:
All of man's pitiful dodges he found were the same
And the frown of the strong was as false as the smile of the weak.

"For all it is only the honest who speak": those words ought to be hung up in front of the desk of anyone who is in the habit of sitting down with a patronising sneer and saying "Now boys, time I wrote a poem."

K. W. Gransden

Engels as Historian

The Condition of the Working Class in England. By F. Engels. New translation and edition by W. O. Henderson and W. H. Chaloner. *Basil Blackwell.* 25s.

Engels wrote this "socialist classic," as its editors call it, when he was of ripe undergraduate age—24. He had just come back from two years with the firm of Erman and Engels, of 5, Newmarket Buildings, Market Street, Manchester, and was living at home once again with father, an early German cotton kinglet. He resented father. He resented the bourgeoisie to whom his father belonged. He resented the English above all, the bourgeoisie *par excellence*, those amazingly successful barbarians who had not even undergone the philosophic revolution—Feuerbach out of Hegel, that is to say. He wrote it for a father-surrogate, Karl Marx. It served his purpose, for it was accepted by the patriarchal Marx (he was only two years older than Engels) as a masterpiece, and it still is a masterpiece in the Marxist hagiology. The book even assuaged Engels' feeling of guilt about his living with a factory girl. He took every opportunity of charging the English factory owners with just this outrage, this piece of class-conscious hypocrisy.

Engels and this book of his, therefore, are just ripe for the mid-20th-century treatment, ideological treatment, psychological and sociological. The two scholarly editors scarcely do more than sketch it out for us here. But their edition has an even more cogent reason for being precisely *à propos*. "Class" is on the way out for historians: it is going fast, and faster among the English economic historians than anywhere else.

Two or three years ago a middling-good book, also by two Manchester historians, undermined the view of the English Puritan Revolution as the "victory of the middle classes." By last summer an eminent Marxist historian was heard to say that there are still *some* people who think that the English Puritans were really capitalists; he said it wistfully, in a voice which acknowledged that the good old days had gone. Engels' view that the Industrial Revolution was an assault on the English poor by the would-be English rich, is referred to by the same historian in a recent article as "the classical interpretation," "the traditional view." His highest hope seems to be that it may yet turn out to be right. And now here is Engels out of court.

For "Engels cannot be taken seriously as a historian," his two editors maintain; the work is valuable almost exclusively for what it tells of its author's intellectual development. Such a judgment from such an authority has to be taken seriously, and the evidence is given in a very impressive array of footnotes. But it cannot be said to be either a very fair, or a very imaginative judgment.

It is true that they know Engels' sources very much better than he did himself. It is true that they convict him of cribbing, misquotation, suppression of relevant data (especially chronological), sustained and malignant bias, and gross want of judgment. It is also true that they can wave away his historical prophecies with an airy, or pettish, academic flourish. But after all this, the book gains rather than loses in historical stature. With all the motives for misrepresentation which we have listed, Engels might be expected to have erred far more often and far more seriously than we now know that he did. Even if we no longer accept his picture of the material conditions of the Manchester he lived in between 1842 and 1844 as objectively true, we are forced to recognise the ingenuity, the effectiveness, the historical force of his explanation of how it came about, and what would have to be done about it. We may agree that his interpretation turned out to be the beginnings of a mythology, but we do see more clearly

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why that interpretation was the only one with important claims to be believed by the men of his generation, and for long after.

His sickening, horrific narrative retains its compulsive power. The men who had brought about, connived at, tried to ignore conditions such as these could not be expected to behave in any other way than a Marx-Engels capitalist always behaves. Their operations are described and hinted at in a way which convinces, not as doctrinaire politics and sociology, but simply as history. Engels' imperfect foresight is considerably to be preferred to the historical hindsight of Henderson and Chaloner.

"Class," then, will go on going out of the vocabulary of historical causation as a result of this piece of valuable editing. But we shall also recognise more clearly why it was that the Marxist fashion of historical interpretation changed our view of ourselves in society so profoundly, and for always.

Peter Laslett

Four Foreign Novels

I'm not Stiller. By MAX FRISCH. *Abelard-Schuman.* 18s.

The Camp Followers. By UGO PIRRO. *Hutchinson,* 10s. 6d.

Strangers. By ALBERT MEMMI. *Elek.* 13s. 6d.

The Brave African Huntress. By AMOS TUTUOLA. *Faber.* 18s.

SOMETIMES a novelist seems to have started out with no more than a smart idea, of the sort that can be summed up by that rather tiresome word "gimmick." He has no more than the intention of thoroughly but conventionally exploiting this gimmick, setting his sights low: and then suddenly, or gradually, at any rate in some manner beyond his conscious control, his book begins to refuse to be as tame and glib as he had intended it, the milk-horse decides to gallop, and the whole thing runs away with him to a destination he could not have conceived at the beginning of his journey. This is not necessarily a discredit to him as a writer: it may imply rather that his subconscious creativity is powerful out of all proportion to his conscious, and this after all may be a literary condition of grace. *The Merchant of Venice*, I suppose, started out as nothing better than a shot at a Jew-baiting pot-boiler; but, Shakespeare being Shakespeare, that wasn't the way it could possibly finish.

I'm not Stiller (it strikes me) may be a book of this sort. The basic gimmick is ingenious—more than adequate, shall we say, to an upper-middlebrow best-seller. A gentleman travelling through Switzerland on an American passport under the name of White is detained on suspicion of being Anatol Stiller, the Swiss sculptor, who disappeared mysteriously nearly a decade before. Herr Stiller is required to answer a number of charges—

failing to apply for permission to leave the country (as a result of which a hundred and seven different reminders have now been addressed to Stiller by various government departments); further, discharge of debts in respect of government tax, military tax, old age and dependents' insurance; further, damages in respect of a Swiss army rifle . . .

—for in Switzerland, that law-abiding countryette, mysterious disappearance (anything mysterious, for that matter) is not at all the thing. White is recognised by all the missing man's connections—wife, brother, mistress—as being Stiller. But he denies it. He keeps a notebook in prison, which forms the bulk of the novel, recording his interviews with these persons, and with his own counsel and the public prosecutor (both of whom are also equally convinced that he is Stiller), and inducing from them his own conception of the character and personality of the vanished sculptor. At the same time the reader is perfectly aware that White may well not be telling the truth in these notebooks (which may be made subject to legal scrutiny); that they may simply form part of the smoke-screen behind which the prisoner is attempting to hide his true identity.

As the book progresses, indeed, the reader finds himself more and more forced towards this second interpretation—but that he must understand it in a different manner: White *is* Stiller, in the legal and documentary sense, but in the philosophical sense he is not. Nearly ten years of his life have passed; when he abandoned Switzerland he also abandoned, at any real level, the identity of Stiller; he has gone through the crisis of personality and, later, the re-birth of personality, and he no longer holds himself responsible, as White, for Stiller and Stiller's works. "I'm not Stiller" is as true in the one sense as it is false in the other.

Up to this point, the end of White-Stiller's notebooks (which is indeed six-sevenths of the way through the novel itself), Max Frisch has been aiming at no more than a first-class representative novel of the German comical-philosophical school—the Thomas-Mannikin school, shall we say? The comedy is laborious—which is itself an aspect of the comedy, self-parody being an integral part of the mechanism. The

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irony is light, delightful, but at the same time purposely a little absurd, with the incongruous delicacy of an elephant waltzing upon a hat-box: the ironical description of Stiller's marriage, in which White-Stiller contrives, while elaborately praising the wife and dispraising Stiller, to give the reader nevertheless the opposite between-the-lines impression, is peculiarly brilliant. The sentimentality is there, bright, precise, and human, but comfortably there all the same.

But in the postscript by a second person, in which Stiller's life after he is released is described, *I'm not Stiller* moves up into an altogether different level of penetration and intensity. The tragi-comedy of the opening sections deepens into genuinely irredeemable tragedy of the most appalling and agonising kind. In these last pages the comparison with Thomas Mann—the Mann of *Doctor Faustus*—can be perfectly soberly made. This is a muddly prolix shapeless sort of a book; but it has elements of greatness all the same.

A curious but comforting footnote to *I'm not Stiller* is that Herr Frisch, a Swiss, is annoyed and fascinated by just the same Swiss traits as the ordinary intelligent English visitor—

the Swiss police take the greatest trouble and look very grave, and above all it would seem that they are more concerned about justice than about the traffic; at every crossing you feel you are undergoing some kind of moral training.

Perhaps after all the intelligent humanists form an *internationale* outside the bounds of patriotism, of which any member can view his own race and country dispassionately? If the general opinion is condemnatory, that of course makes it much harder; and this lends a peculiar angry bitterness to Ugo Pirro's *The Camp Followers*, which concerns the adventures of a young Italian officer detailed to transport a company of Greek prostitutes from Italian-occupied Athens to army brothels further up-country. Sr. Pirro's hero knows that the Italian "victory" in this sector is utterly humiliating to them: the conquered Greeks, a people of finer fibre, despise them; their German allies, who did the actual conquering, despise them. The world, in fact, scorns them, and Sr. Pirro knows it, and furthermore finds himself forced to agree with the world. The book, a remarkable first novel that proceeds out of this desperate knowledge, is bright and hard and corrosive. It depicts humanity at somewhere near the last limits of wretchedness and degradation; but it is not, for all that, finally depressing. Honesty never quite leads to total despair.

Albert Memmi's *Strangers* is also about the rejected and despised. The hero is a Tunis Jew: caught in one sense between the Christian domination and the Moslem domination; caught between European head and African blood in another. Studying in Paris he meets and marries a Protestant girl from Alsace, and takes her home with him. The novel shows the "inevitable" break-up of his miscegenation. But with all respect to Mr. Memmi's obvious integrity and sincerity, this inevitability seems to turn less upon anything fundamental than upon the accident of the girl's being such a characterless, unadaptable, little ass. Indeed neither of the protagonists is much more than a cypher, the one standing for the North (capital N) and the other for the South (capital S). But the relations between cyphers are not what one means by a marriage; and the termination of the union of cyphers means nothing in the long run or in the short run either. M. Memmi would have done better to deal in flesh and blood.

Finally, in this Euro–African round-up, to Mr. Amos Tutuola. This is the most splendidly, shamelessly, non-European writer that I know. No one who is interested in stepping outside his strictly Aryan skin for a book-length should miss this Nigerian tale-spinner. Those who have read him before will not. For the benefit of those who have not, I conclude with a sample paragraph:

It was the "Day of Confusion" Wednesday, that I entered this Jungle of the Pigmies, at about eleven o'clock in the morning. After I travelled in this jungle for a few minutes—the great fears, wonders, and uncountable of undescriptive strange things, which I was seeing here and there were stopped me by force. When I was unable to travel further because of these things then I thought within myself to climb a tree to the top so that I might see these things to my satisfaction. And at the same time I climbed a tall tree to the top. I sat on one of its branches and as it was a leafy tree therefore these leaves were covered me and I peeped out very seriously as when an offender peeped out from the small window of his cell. Then I was looking at these handiworks of God with great wonder.

Hilary Corke

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About Our Authors

J. H. HEXTER, born May 25, 1910. Educated, University of Cincinnati and Harvard University. Eighteen years instructor, assistant professor, and associate professor in Queen's College in the City of New York. Now Professor of History and Chairman of the Department, Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. Married, four children. Author of *The Reign of King Pym*, 1942, and *More's Utopia: The Biography of an Idea*, 1952.

IVAN MORRIS, *who translated Nakashima Ton's story from the Japanese, writes about the author:*

"NAKASHIMA TON (or ATSUSHI), who died in 1942 at the age of 33, came from a family of Chinese scholars and himself had a thorough knowledge of classical Chinese. He was also a sedulous student of English, French, and German literature. His short stories, which made him famous despite his early death, are marked by a wide erudition and a very individual type of fantasy. It is for his sense of literary style, however, that he is best known: there is a clarity and marmoreal quality about Nakashima's writing that undoubtedly reflect the strong influence of Chinese classical style."

MAX HAYWARD *writes of himself:*

"Born in London in 1924 of Yorkshire parents. Spent my youth in various Northern enclaves in the South but have never been able to assimilate. Interest in Russia as well as in other foreign countries largely a result of failure to feel at home in the South of England. Educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. Have taught Russian language and literature at Oxford and Leeds. Spent two years in Moscow (1947–1949) and have visited the place twice since Stalin's death. Have been translating Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*, together with Mrs. Manya Harari. Am now a Research Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford, where I am doing work on Soviet literature."

JOSEPH ALSOP, who has been writing from Europe and the Middle East during the past year, is now back in Washington. This is his second appearance in ENCOUNTER, the first (in collaboration with his brother Stewart) having been with his article, "Why Russia is Strong," in our June 1956 issue. With Stewart Alsop leaving to join the *Saturday Evening Post*, Joseph Alsop will now be conducting his syndicate column, "Matter of Fact," single-handed. Nevertheless, we hope he will be able to find the time to send us some Washington reports in the not too distant future.

DONALD TYERMAN is editor of The *Economist*.... GEORGE SEFERIS, one of the leading Greek poets of our time, is at present Greek Ambassador in London.... PETER LASLETT is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.... PATRICK KAVANAGH's long poem, "The Great Hunger," which appeared a little more than a decade ago in *Horizon*, is widely regarded as a modern classic.

In our March issue, Mr. Branko Horvat of Yugoslavia was erroneously identified as visiting lecturer at the University of Manchester. He is, in fact, a University Research Student in Social and Economic Studies.

Back numbers are available at 3s. each (postage 6d.) or 75 cents. (post free). If readers care to let us know which subjects and authors particularly interest them, we shall be pleased to suggest the issues they may wish to acquire.

On the other hand, if any reader has an unwanted copy of the September 1955 issue (No. 24) in reasonably good condition, we should be glad to buy it, as this issue is out of stock. We offer 3s. per copy, plus postage. Please send copies in a strong envelope to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

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May 18*s*.

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May 18*s*.

The Sweeniad — MYRA BUTTLE

ELIOT

April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.

BUTTLE

Sunday is the dullest day, treating
Laughter as a profane sound, mixing
Worship and despair, killing
New thoughts with dead forms.
Weekdays give us hope, tempering
Work with reviving play, promising
A future life within this one.
Thirst overtook us, conjured up by Budweisserbrau
On a neon sign: we counted our dollar bills.
Then out into the night air, into Maloney's Bar,
And drank whisky, and yarned by the hour.

"Bravo!"—GRAHAM GREENE. "I have read *THE SWEENIAD* with delight."—PROFESSOR TREVOR-ROPER. "Some passages seemed to me clever enough to win a smile from the author of *Don Juan* himself . . ."—F. L. LUCAS (Reader in English, Cambridge University).

May 10*s*. 6*d*.

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